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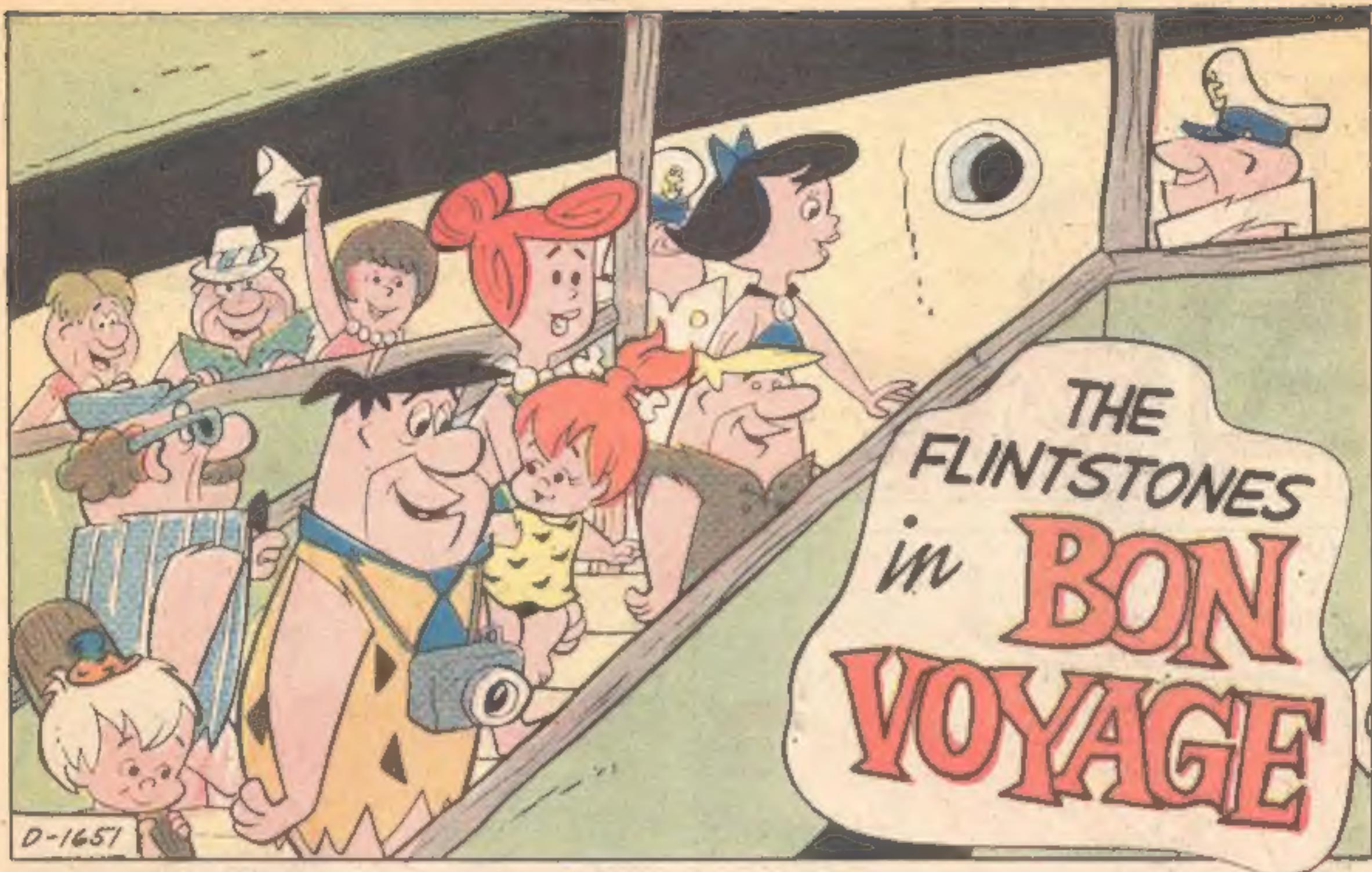
THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

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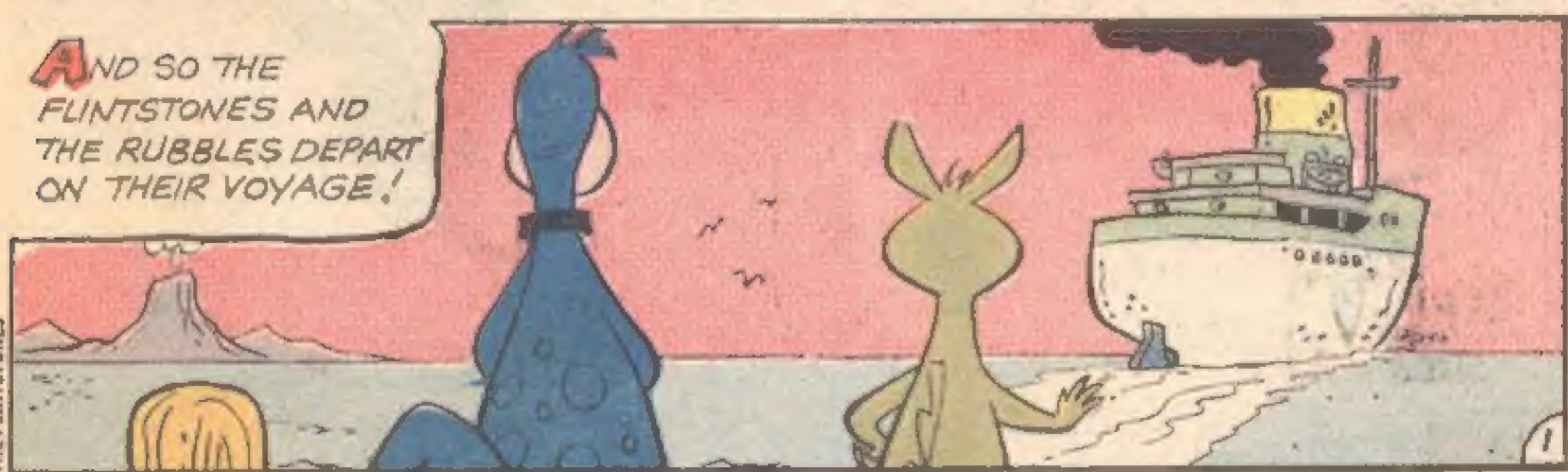




AT LAST, WE'RE TAKING
THE TRIP TO EUROPE
WE'VE BEEN DREAMING
ABOUT!

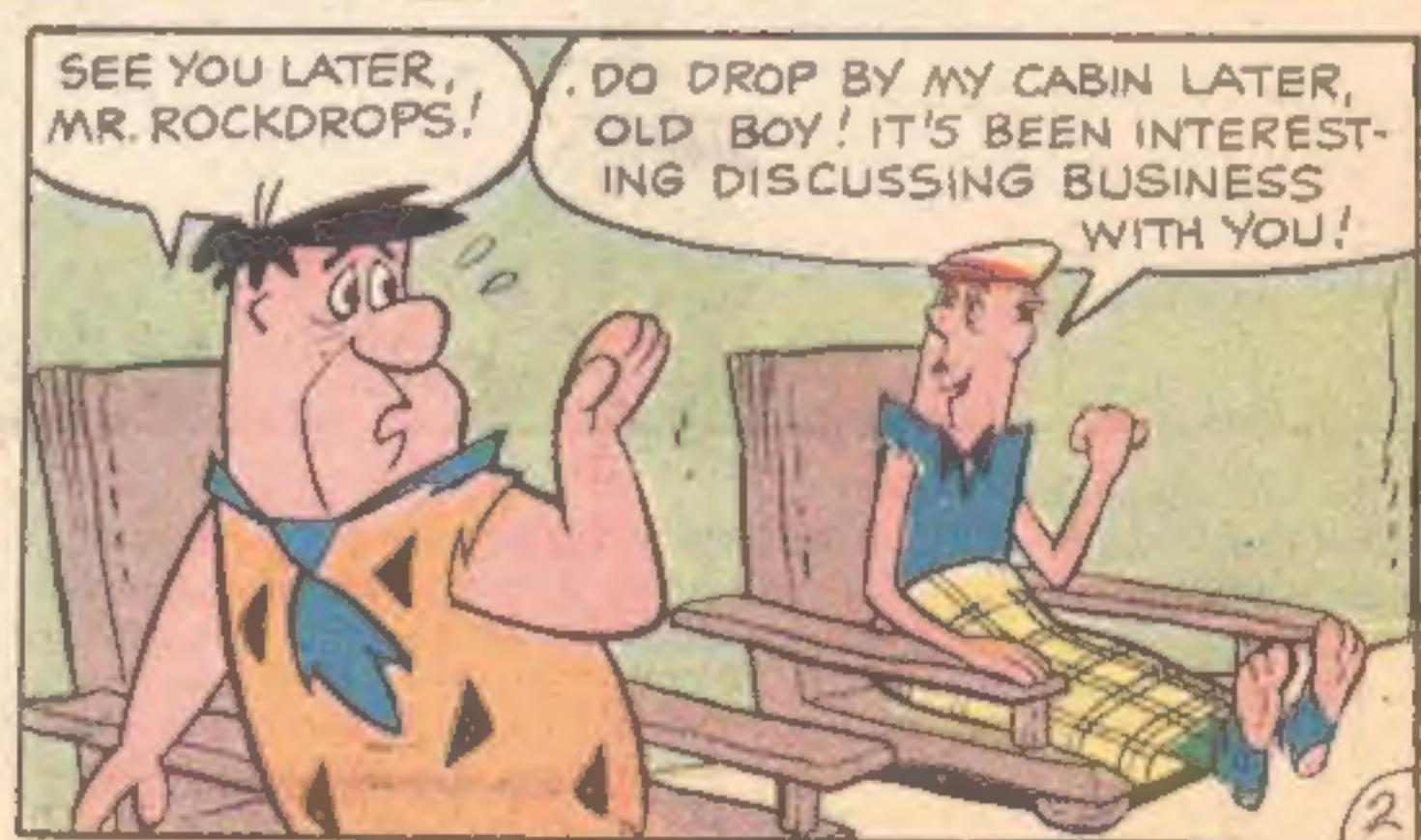
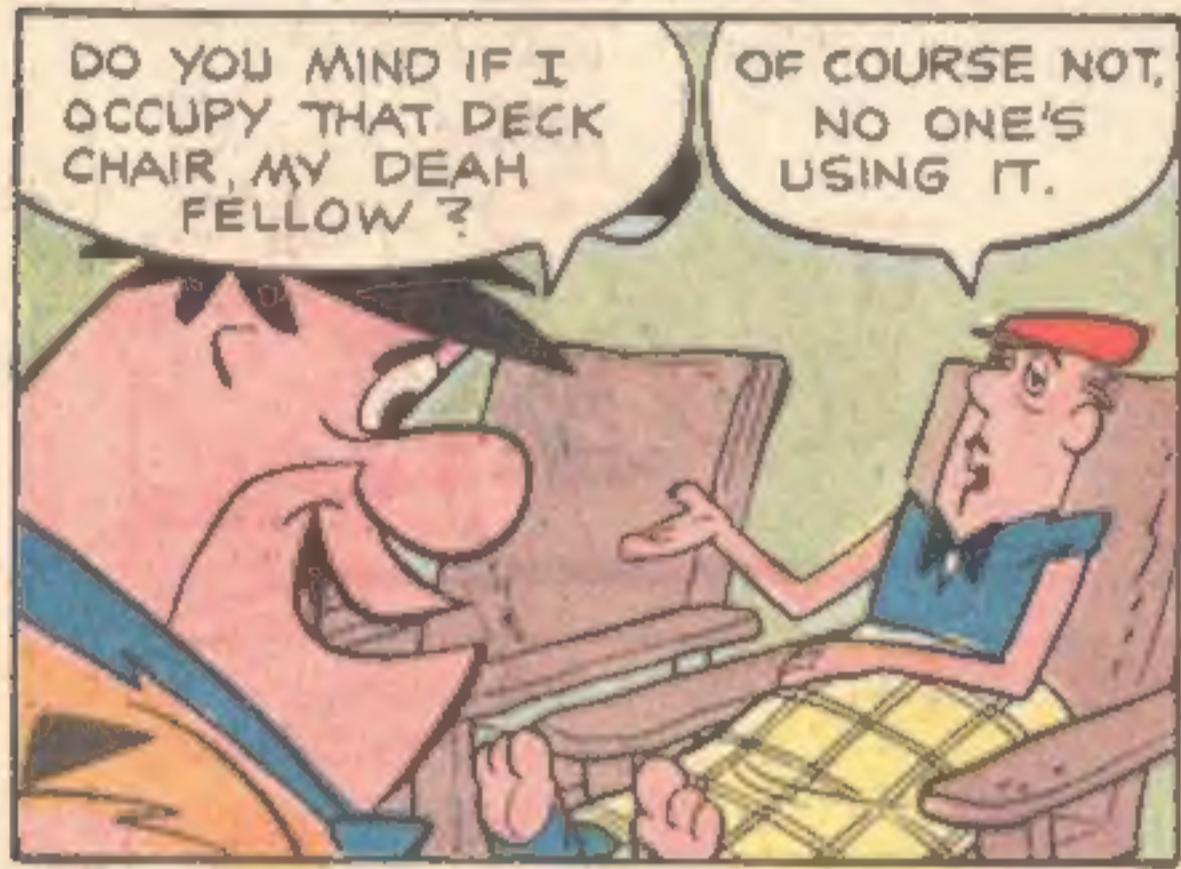


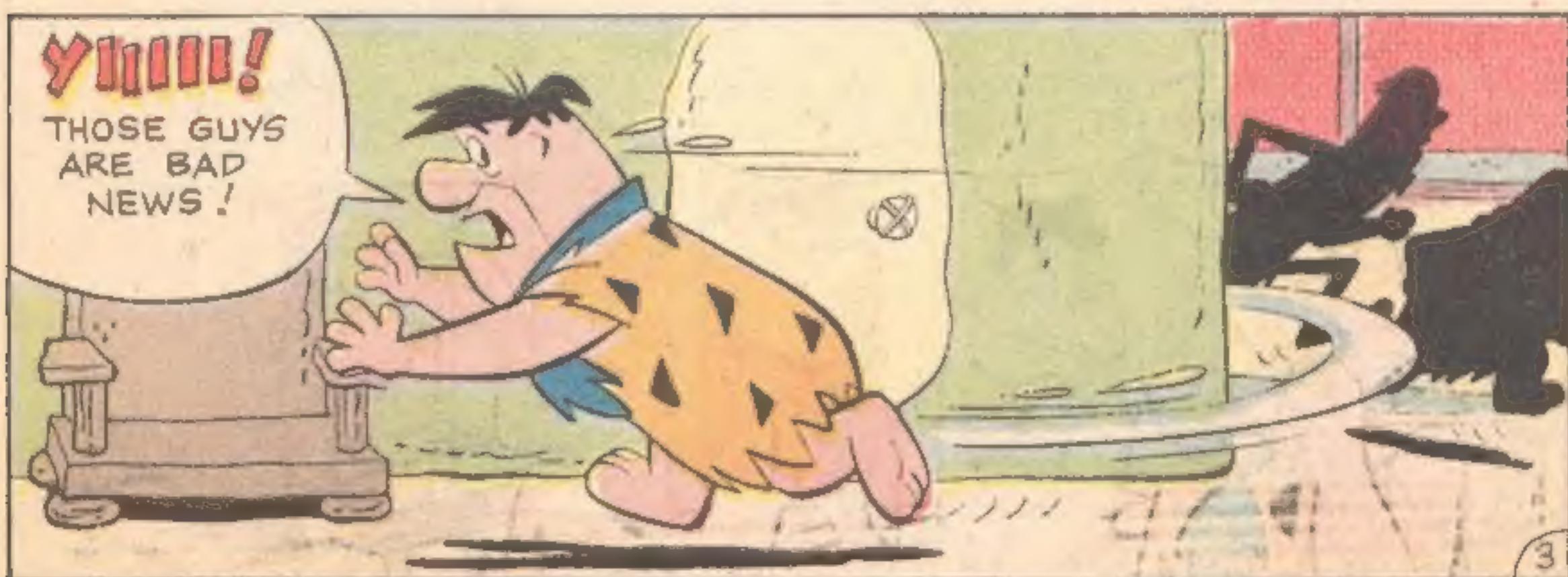
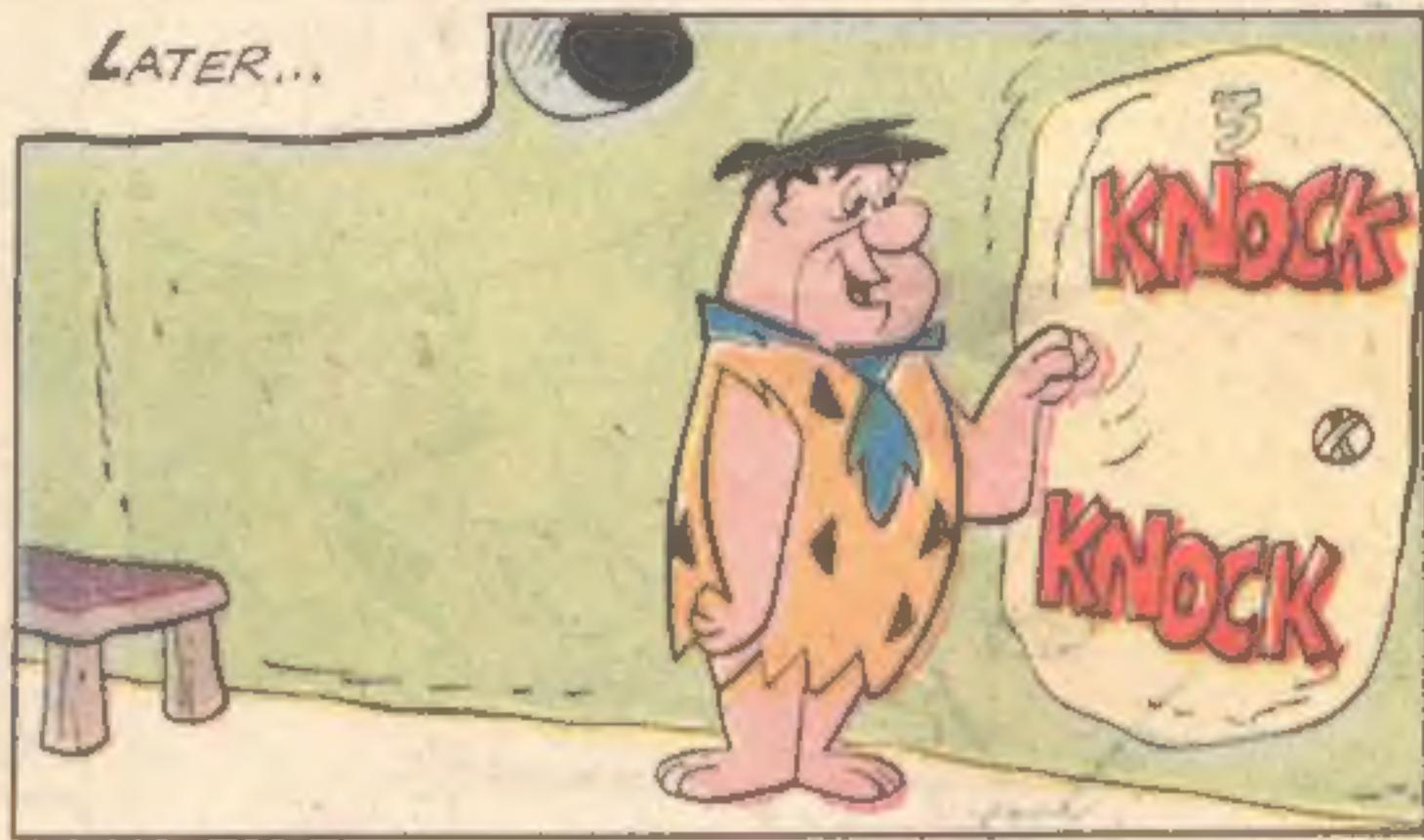
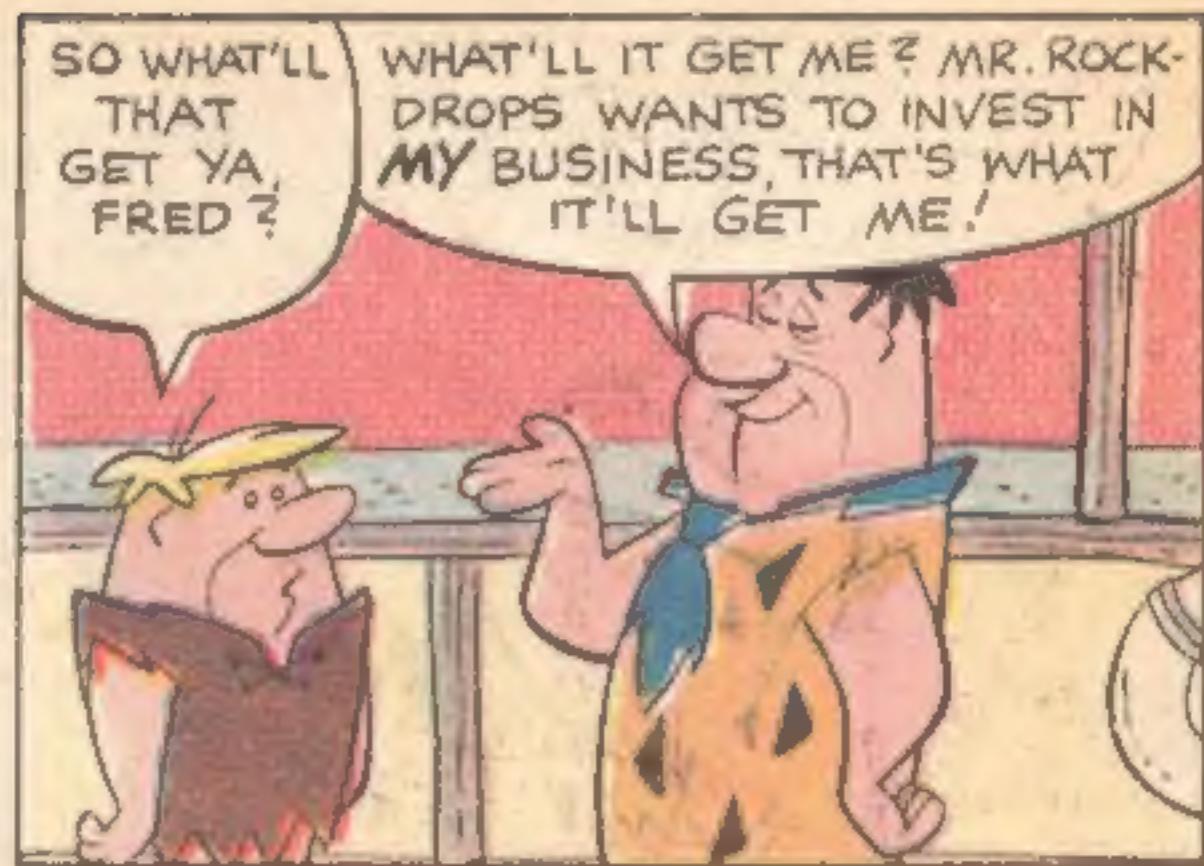
AND SO THE
FLINTSTONES AND
THE RUBBLES DEPART
ON THEIR VOYAGE!

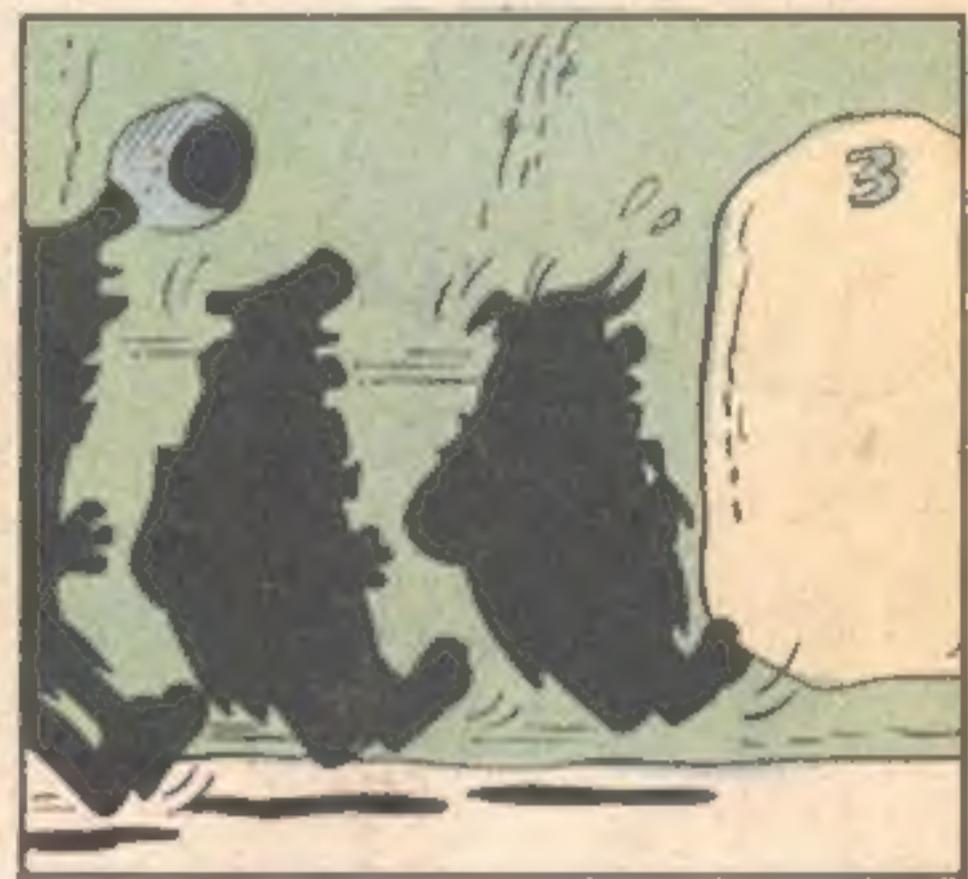
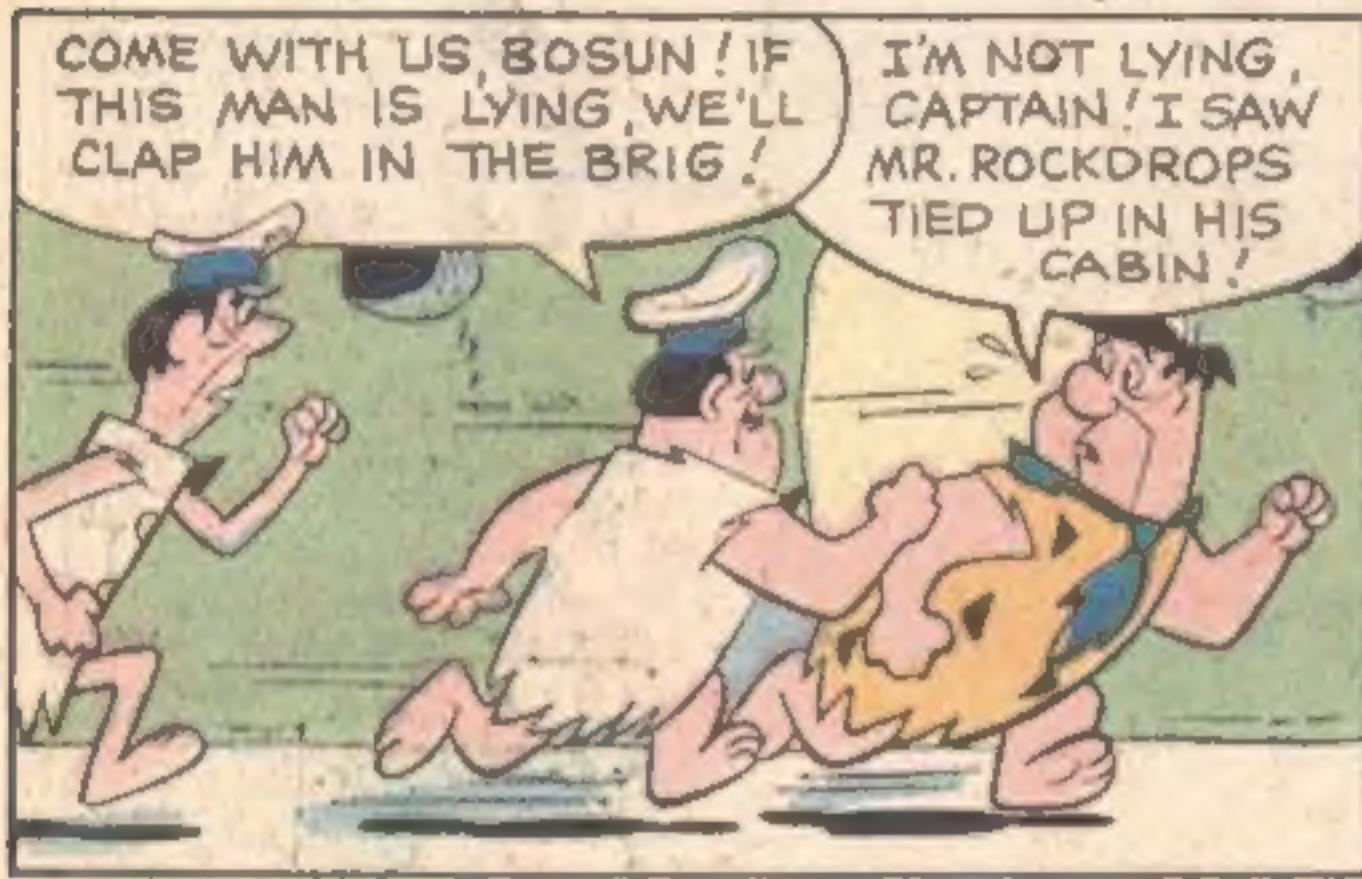


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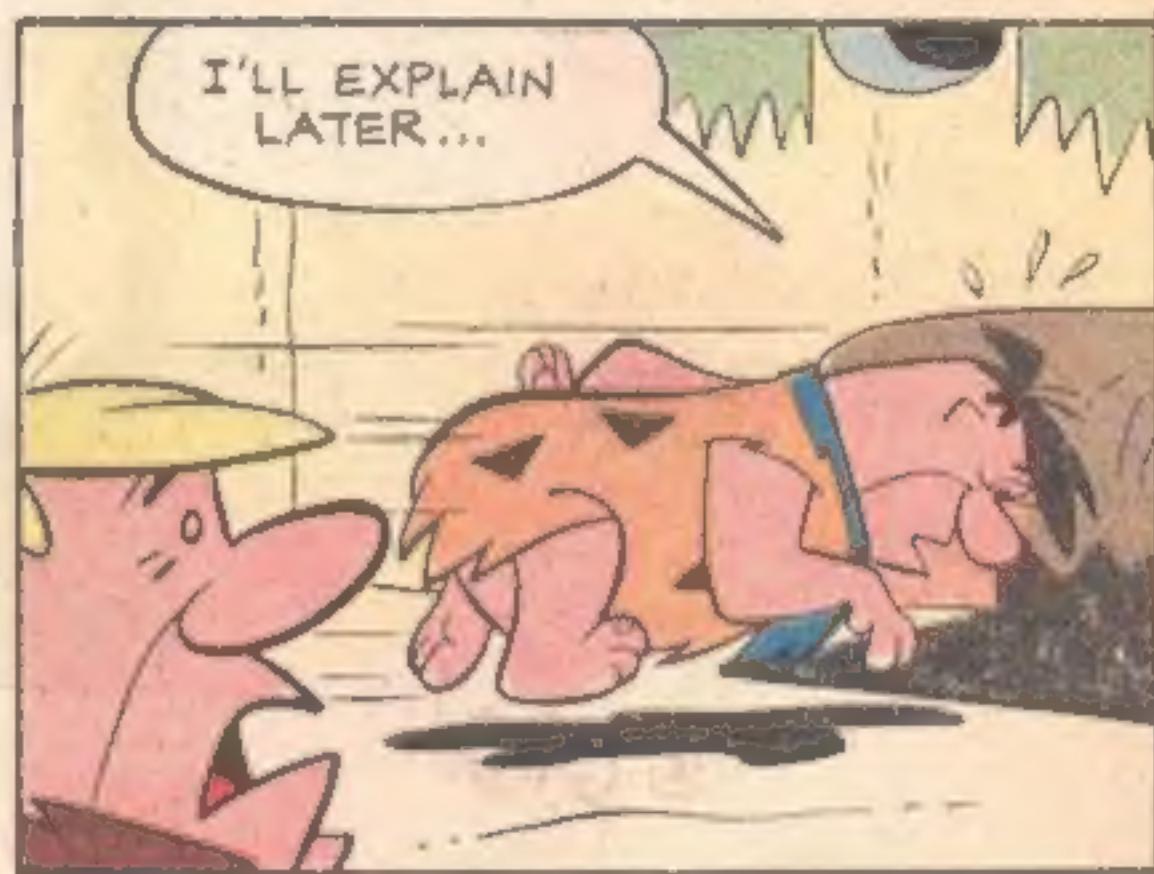
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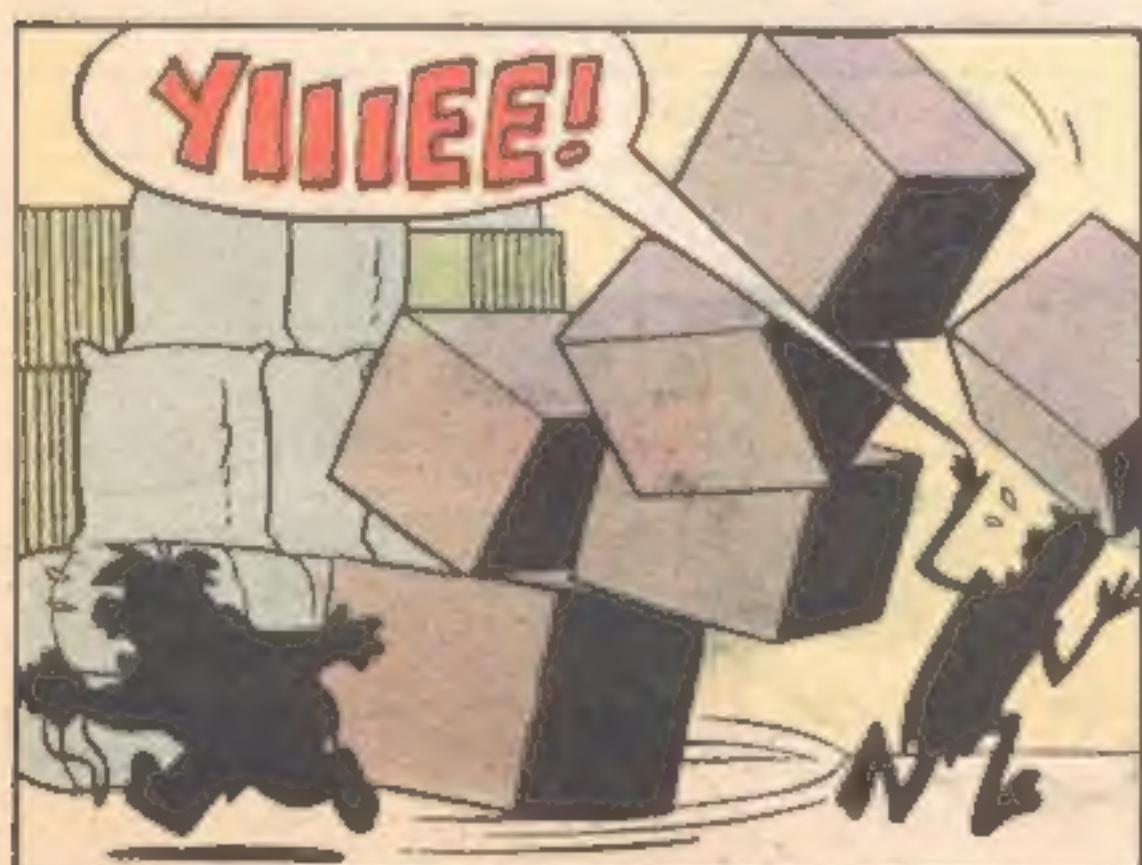






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I'LL PROVE I DIDN'T LIE!
LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!

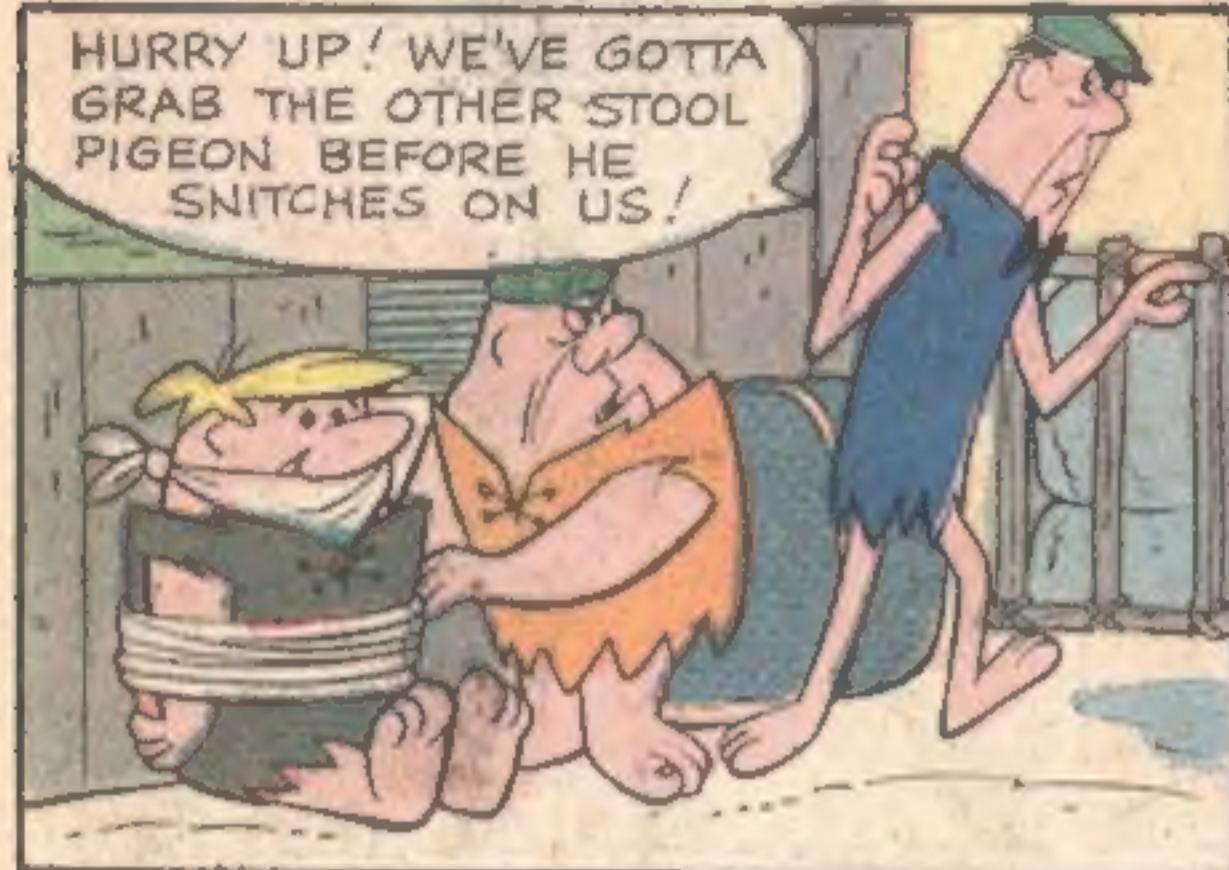


OKAY, FATTY! TAKE US TO
THE PLACE AND NO
TRICKS THIS TIME!

FOLLOW ME,
CAPTAIN!



HURRY UP! WE'VE GOTTA
GRAB THE OTHER STOOL
PIGEON BEFORE HE
SNITCHES ON US!



HOLD IT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE DESPER-
ATE MEN AND THEY'VE GOT BARNEY
AND MR. ROCKDROPS PRISONER!
THEY MIGHT HURT THEM...



I'LL GO IN FIRST AND LET
THEM CAPTURE ME! WHILE
THEY'RE DOIN' THAT,
YOU GRAB THEM!

AN EXCELLENT
PLAN, SIR!



WE'RE IN LUCK,
SLUGGER! THAT SAP
IS COMIN' BACK!

SAP IS RIGHT...
WALKIN' IN
ALONE LIKE
THIS!

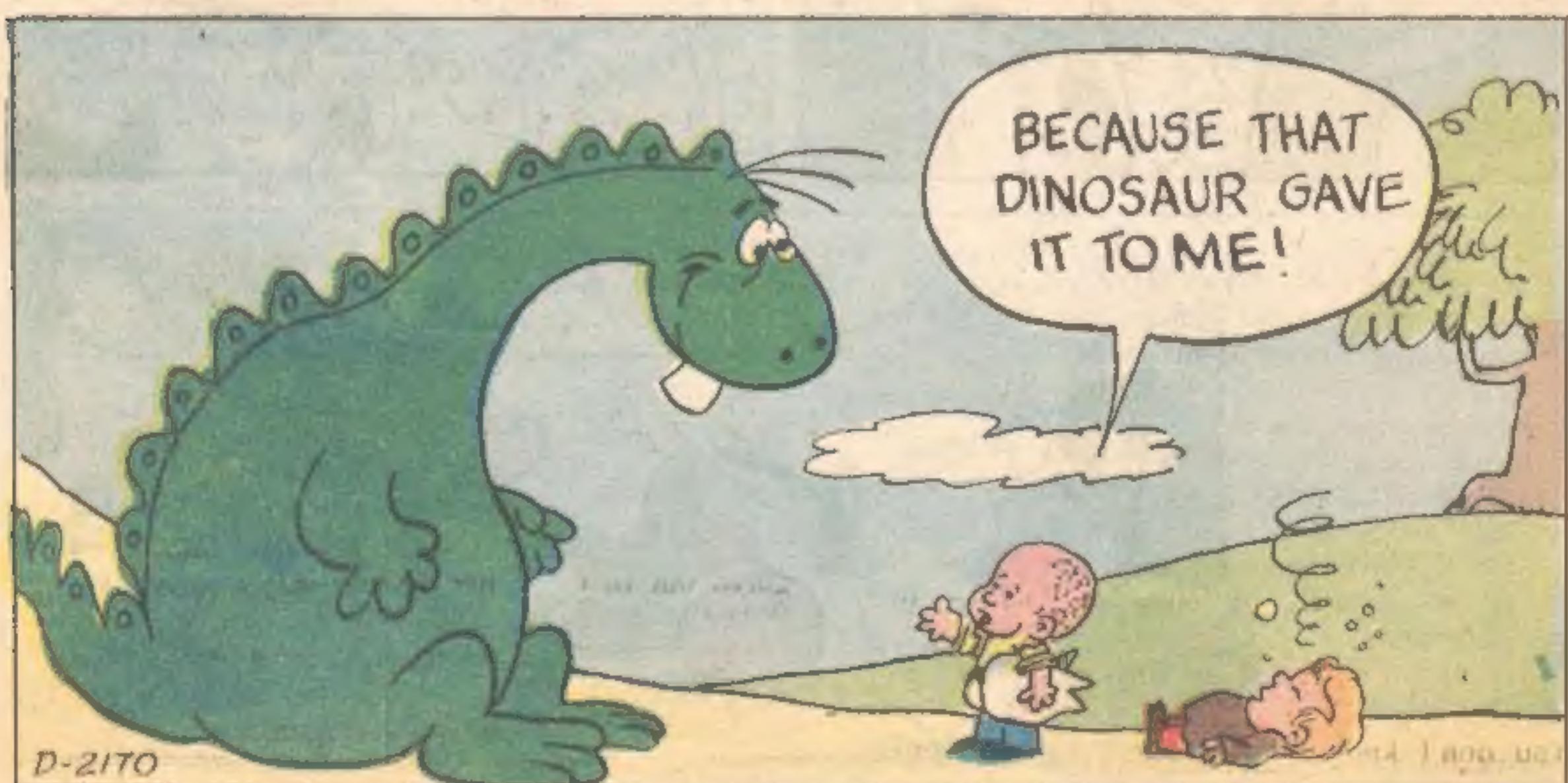
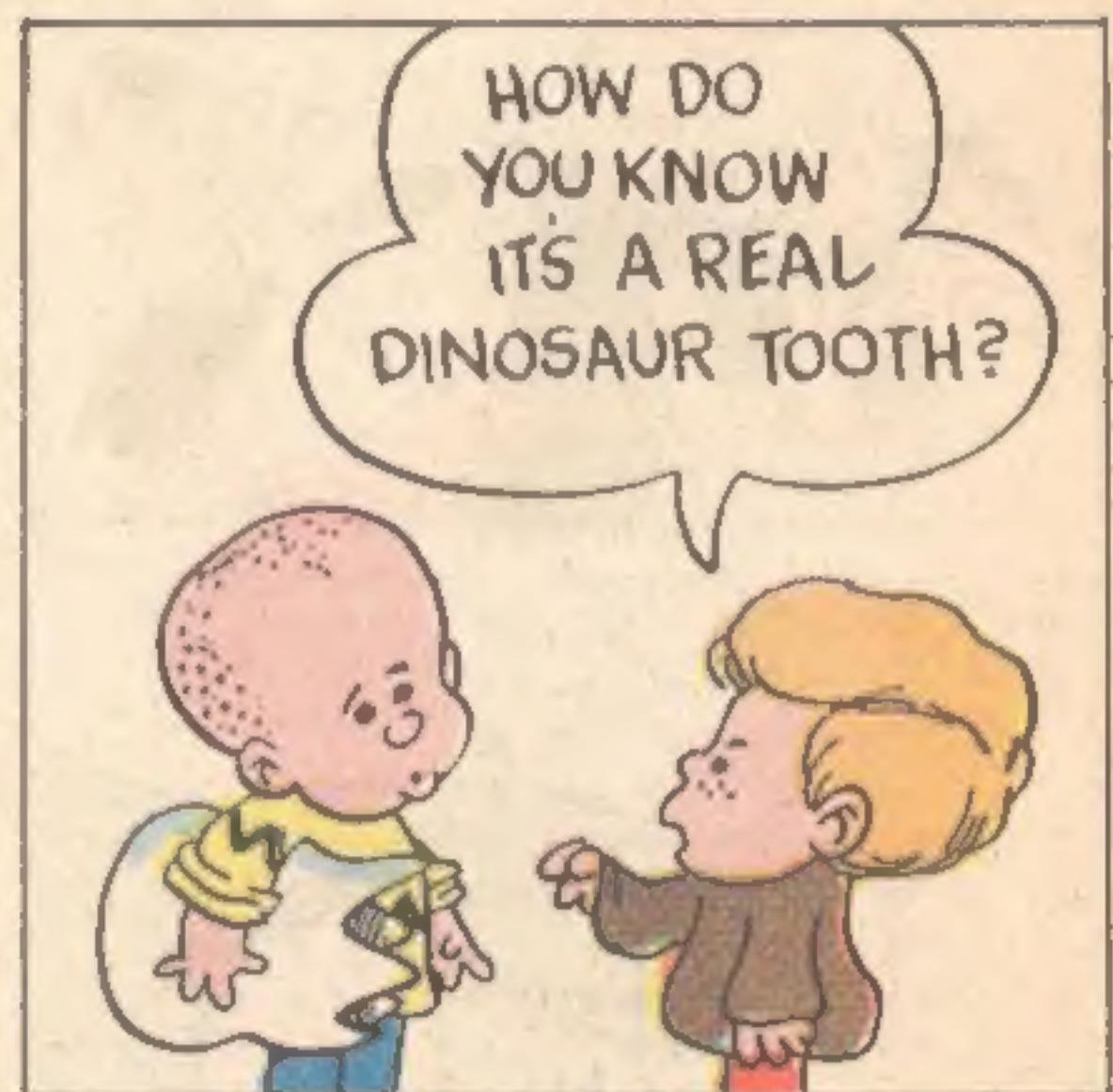
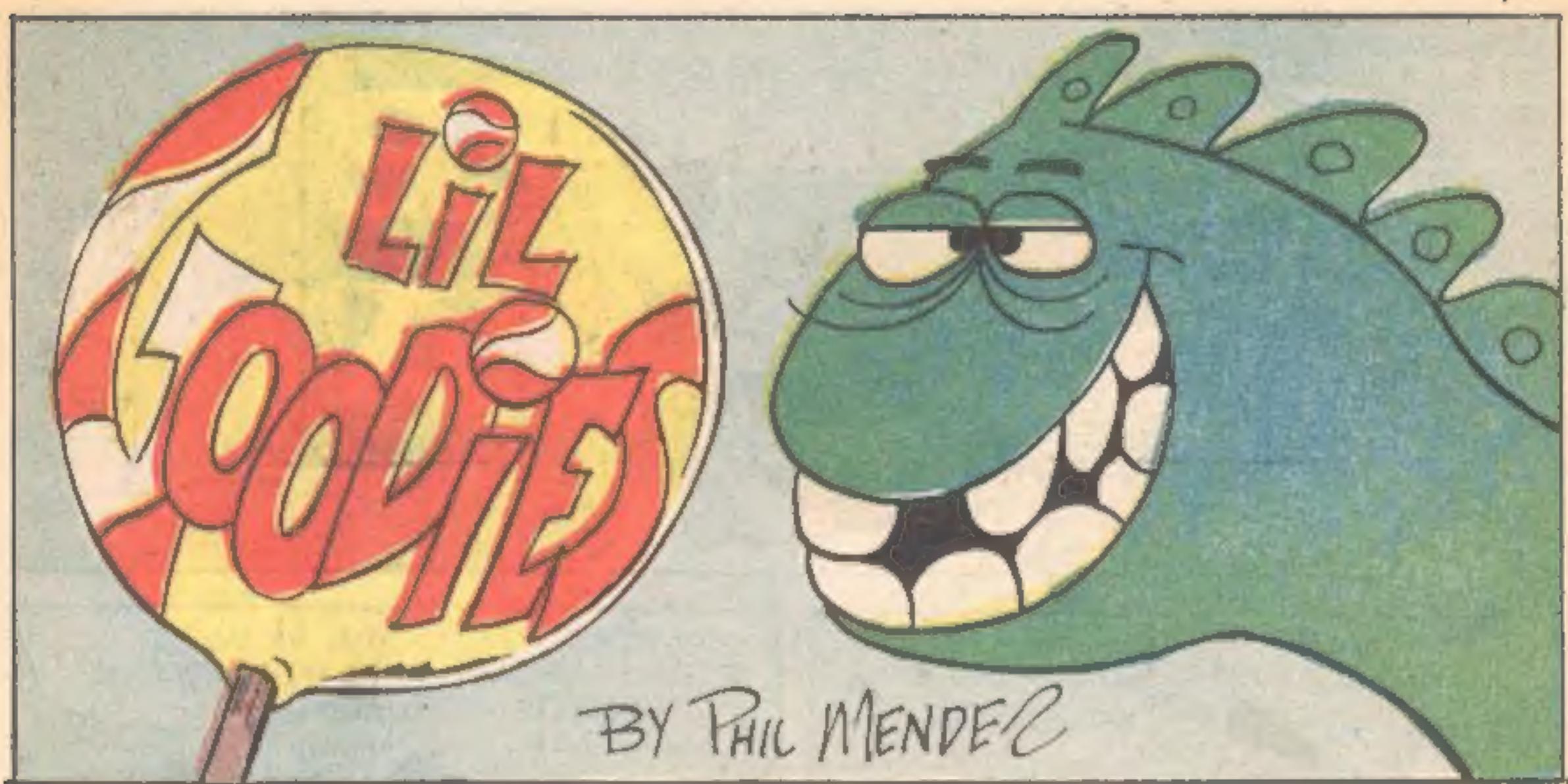


YIIIEEE!

GET UP AND COME WITH US,
FATSO, AND DON'T GIVE US
ANY TROUBLE!







LION CUB OR PUSSY CAT?

What makes a little girl of 9 so smart that she can solve a problem that puzzles adults? So meet her. Her name is Marsha. I once taught in a little country school. She was in my third grade class. Brown eyes and jet black hair. Always friendly. Always willing to help teacher. She received all A's in her subjects. Once a week we had a "Pet Session."

The student would bring their pets to class. Jiminy brought his turtle. Arlene brought her goldfish. Three students only could bring pets each week. And Marsha brought her little pussy cat.

"Where did you get her?" I asked. Figuring some friendly neighbor gave it to her.

"On the road," she told me. "Somebody must have left it there."

The principal came in to observe my class. He took one look at the pussy cat.

"That's a lion cub," he told me. "A circus passed us by on the truck two weeks ago. Must have fallen through the bars of the cage. And onto the road. I won't say it is dangerous at that age. But not a pet for a little girl to keep. I will contact the circus. Also call up her mother."

Needless to say, my students were all thrilled. A real lion cub in the class.

"How do you feed a lion cub?" asked Dotty.

"She's not a lion cub," insisted Marsha. "My little pet is only a poor little pussy. And I am going to keep her. Nobody is going to take her away from me. She's all mine!"

So Marsha's mother came to school. First to see the principal in his office. Then she came into the classroom.

"We went to the school library," she told me. "Looked for books about lions. And also books about cats. I think that my daughter's pet is only a little pussy cat. But the principal is trying to contact the circus."

By lunch time all the students in all the classes knew about Marsha's pet. We put a box on a table in the office. And the little creature was sleeping inside. Didn't know about all the fuss that she created. Of course, Marsha was in charge of her pet.

"She's only a cat," said one little girl. "I wish I had her as a pet."

"You don't know what you are saying," con-

tradicted a much older boy. "I know lions. I have seen all the lion pictures on T.V. When I get older I am going to go to Africa. Go on a trip to hunt lions. They call it a safari."

Mr. Wedgewood specialized in Biology. He took a look at the sleeping animal.

"I will have to admit I can't give a decision. We could wait until she grows up. Then we would know definitely."

"I can prove she is a pussy cat," announced Marsha proudly.

"How can you do that?" Mr. Wedgewood wanted to know.

She whispered something into his right ear. I couldn't hear what she said to him. But a big smile appeared on his face.

"Good idea," he said aloud. "We will try it. We will ask those students who have kittens at home to bring them tomorrow morning. We need about eight or nine of them."

That was done. And there was great excitement in the school. Mr. Wedgewood obtained an old baby pen. This he set up in the yard of the school. Parents came. The local newspaper sent a reporter and a photographer. The question of the day: Lion Cub or Pussy Cat?

Ten girls each brought a kitten. So they were placed in the play pen. Then Marsha put her little pet in last. Mr. Wedgewood started to tickle the kittens. They all responded with the same reaction: Mee-ow, Mee-ow. Then Marsha looked at her pet. And then the little creature began: Mee-ow, Mee-ow.

No doubt about it, smiled the biology expert. "Definitely a little pussy cat."

The principal was in his office. Waiting for a telephone call from the circus which had finally been located. He told the students the good news.

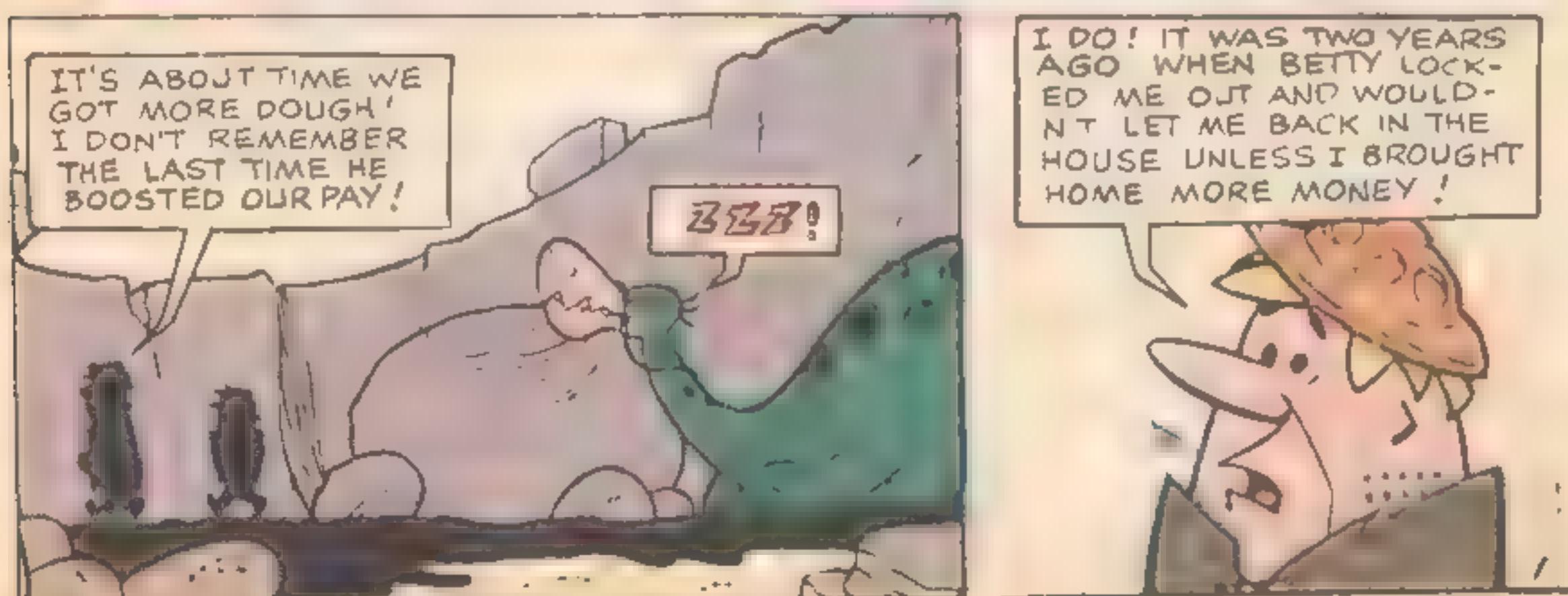
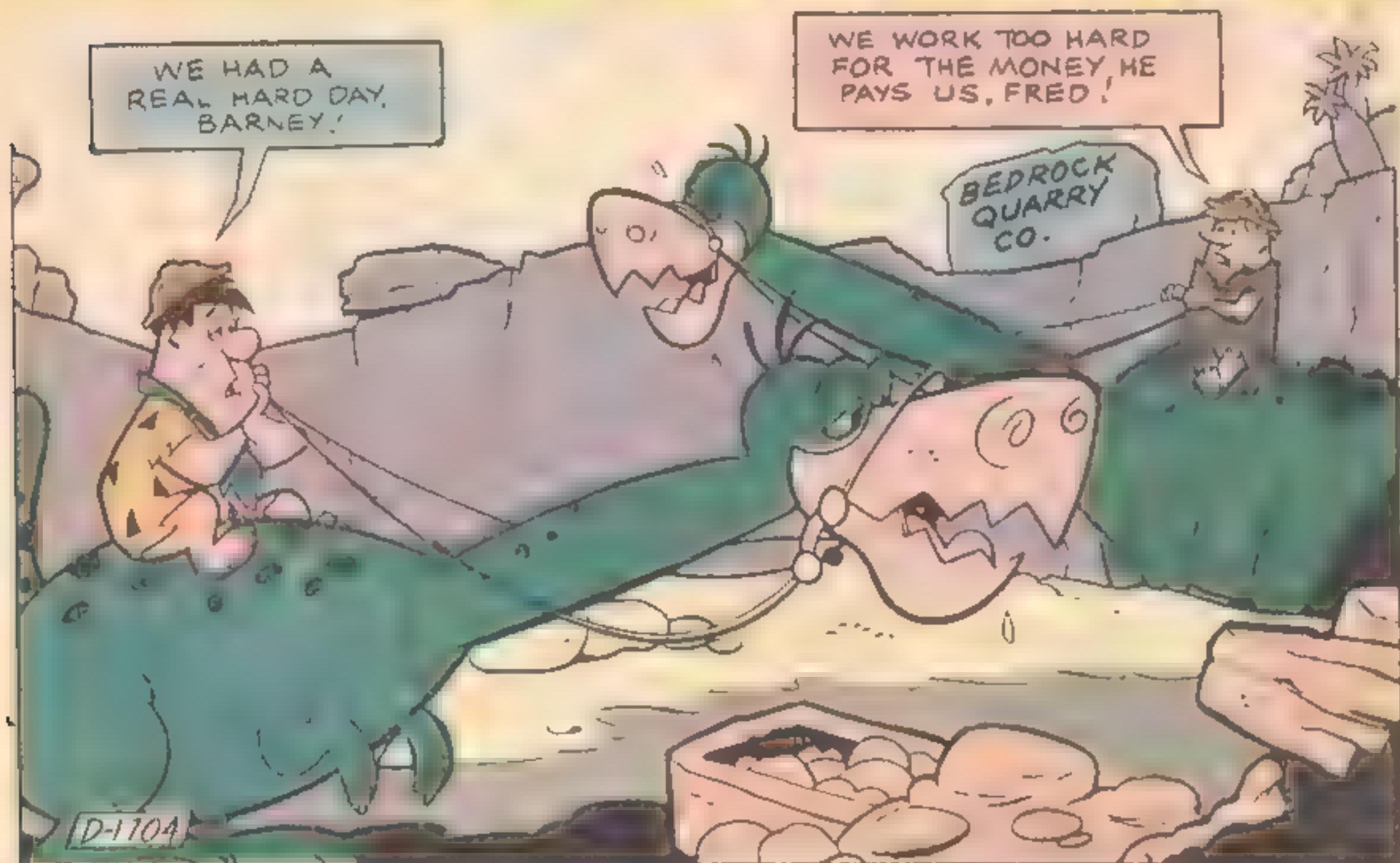
"It is only a kitten. I spoke to the manager of the Circus. They only have two old lions. No lioness. So they couldn't have lost a little lion or cub as it is called."

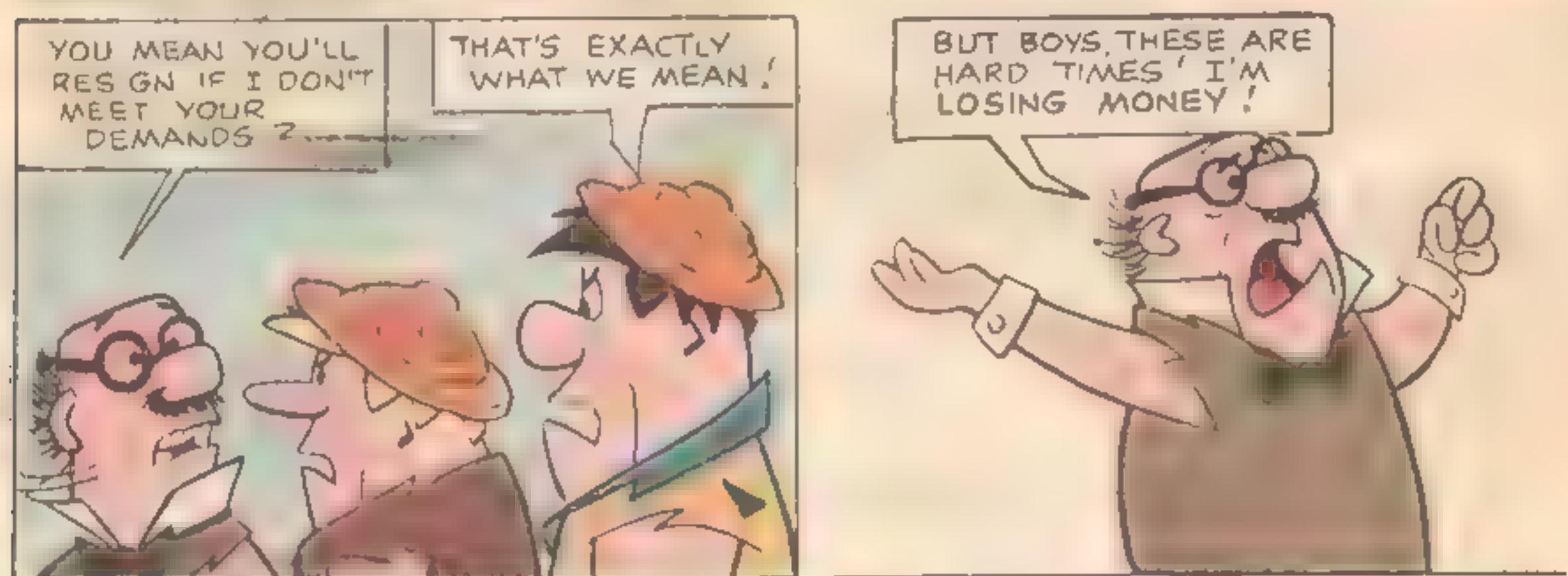
Then the principal learned of how Marsha figured out to prove her pet was only a pussy cat. With the mee-ow as evidence.

"What name are you going to give her?" asked the principal.

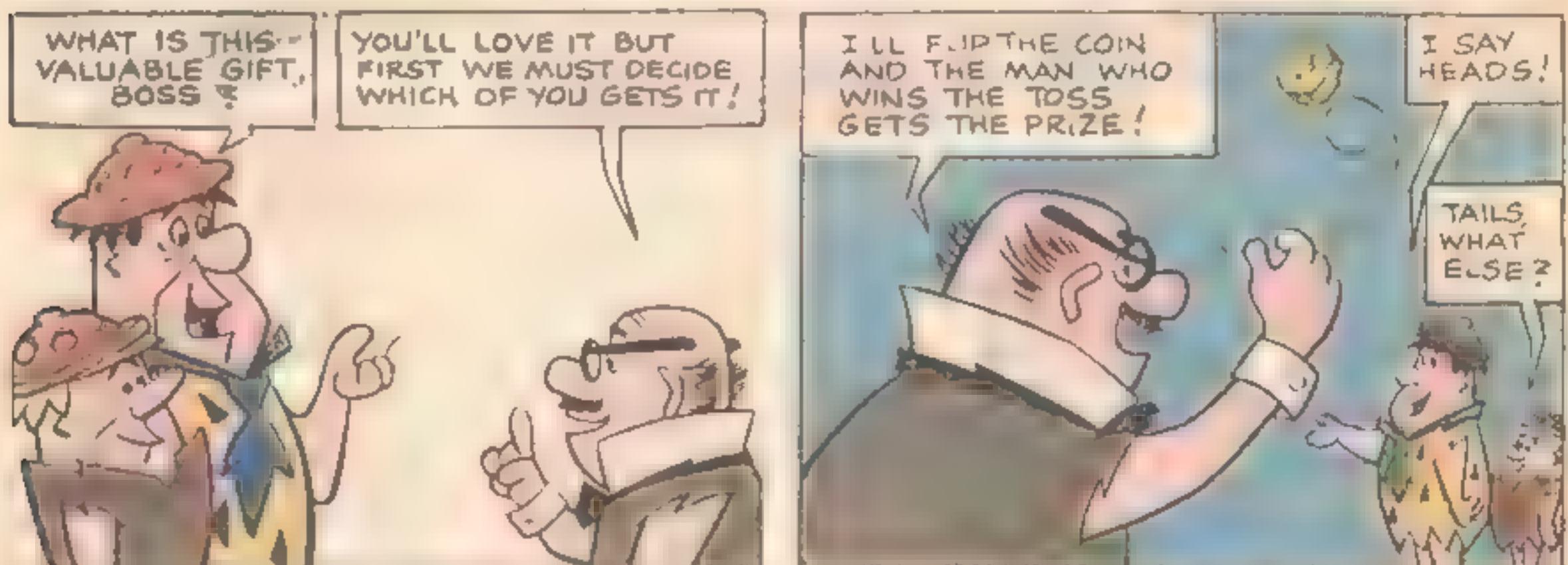
"Lion cub," was the quick response.

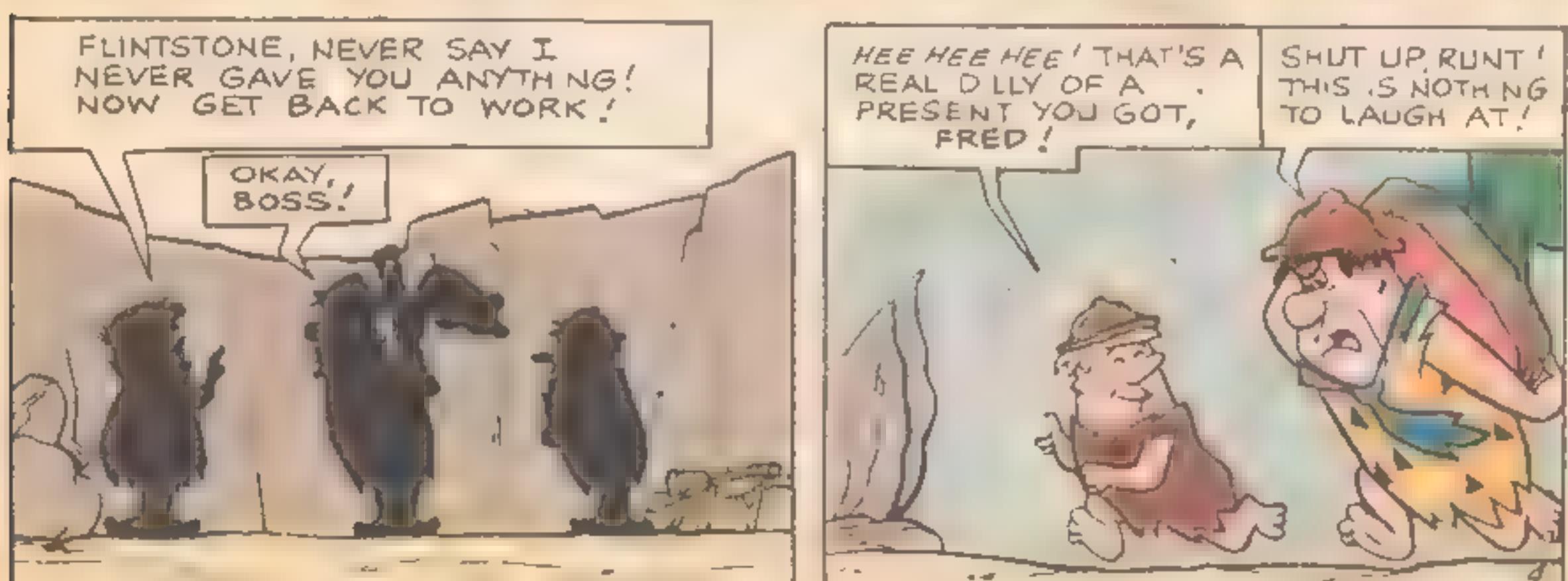
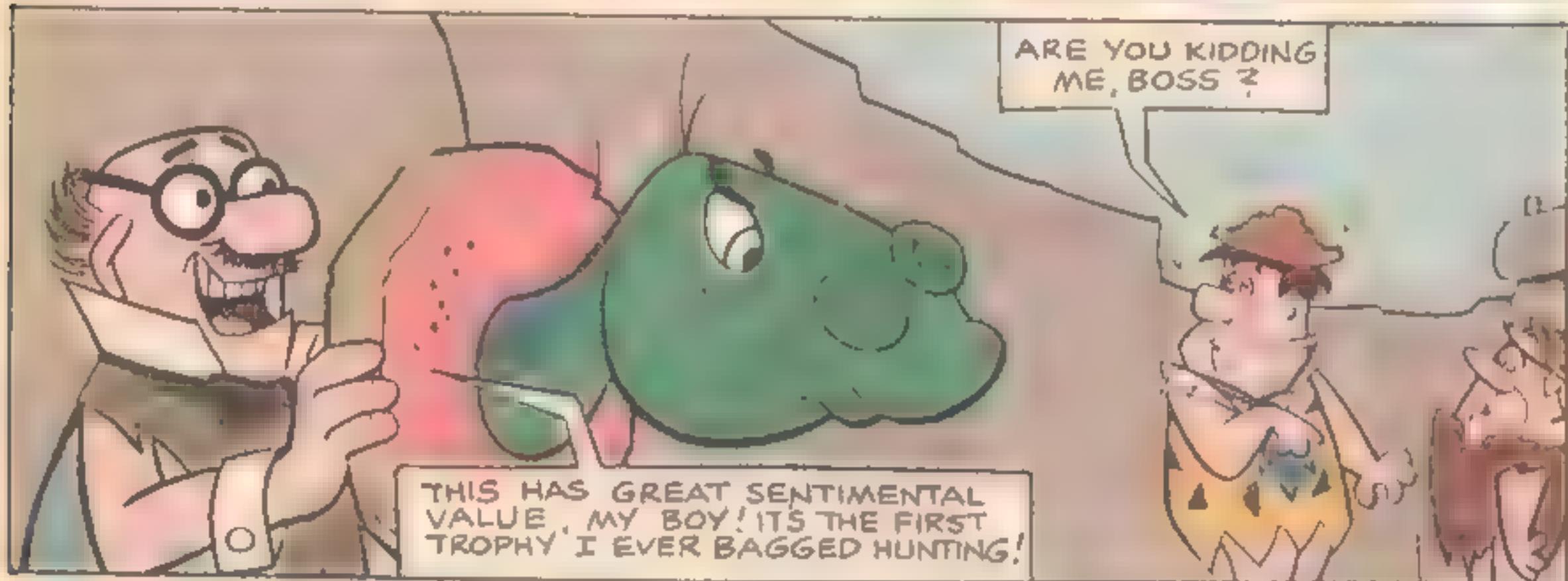
THE FLINTSTONES in FRED WINS AGAIN!



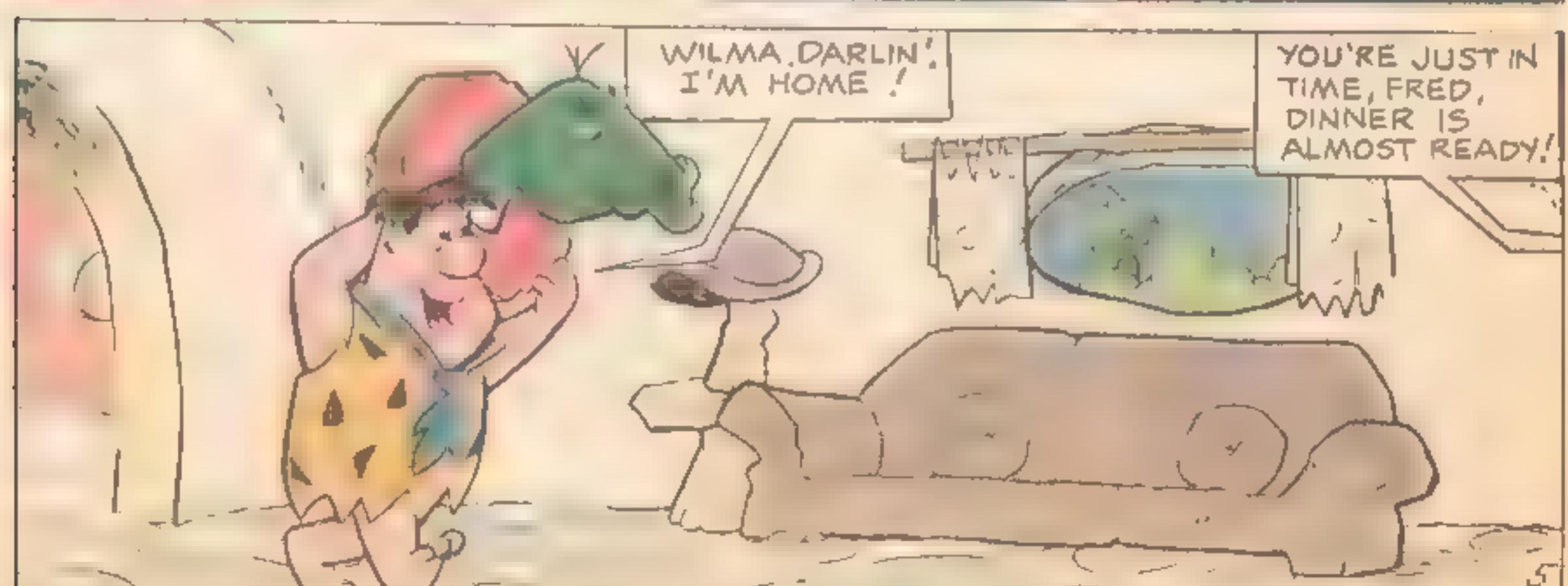
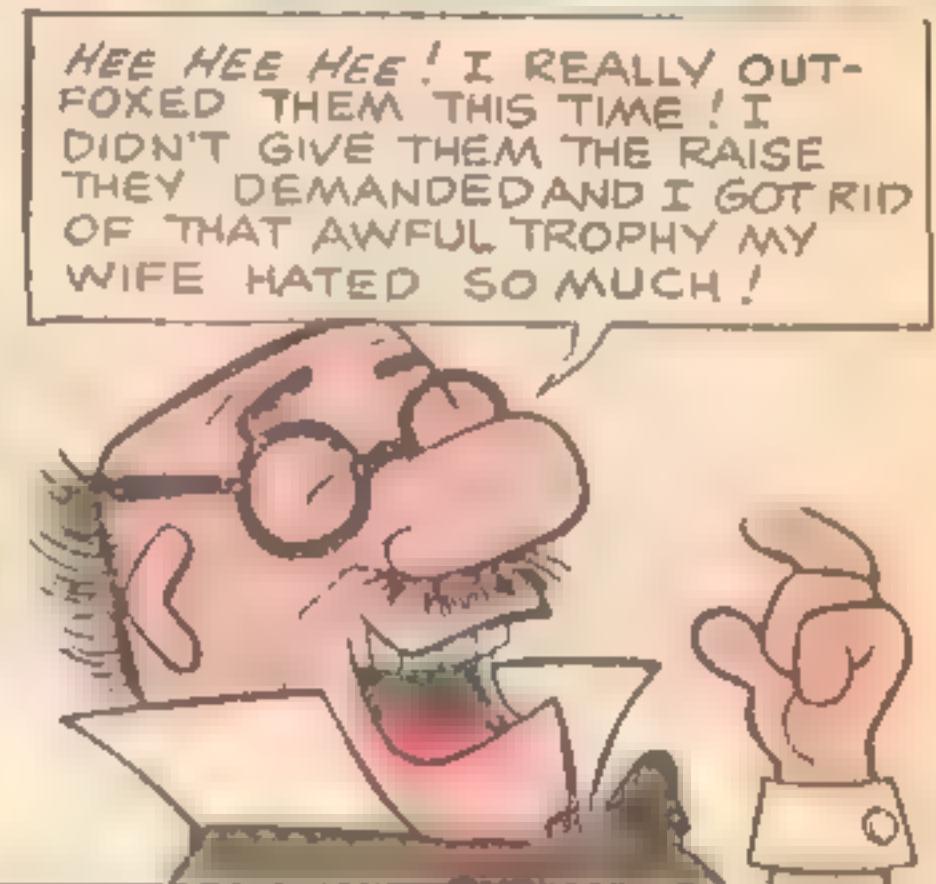


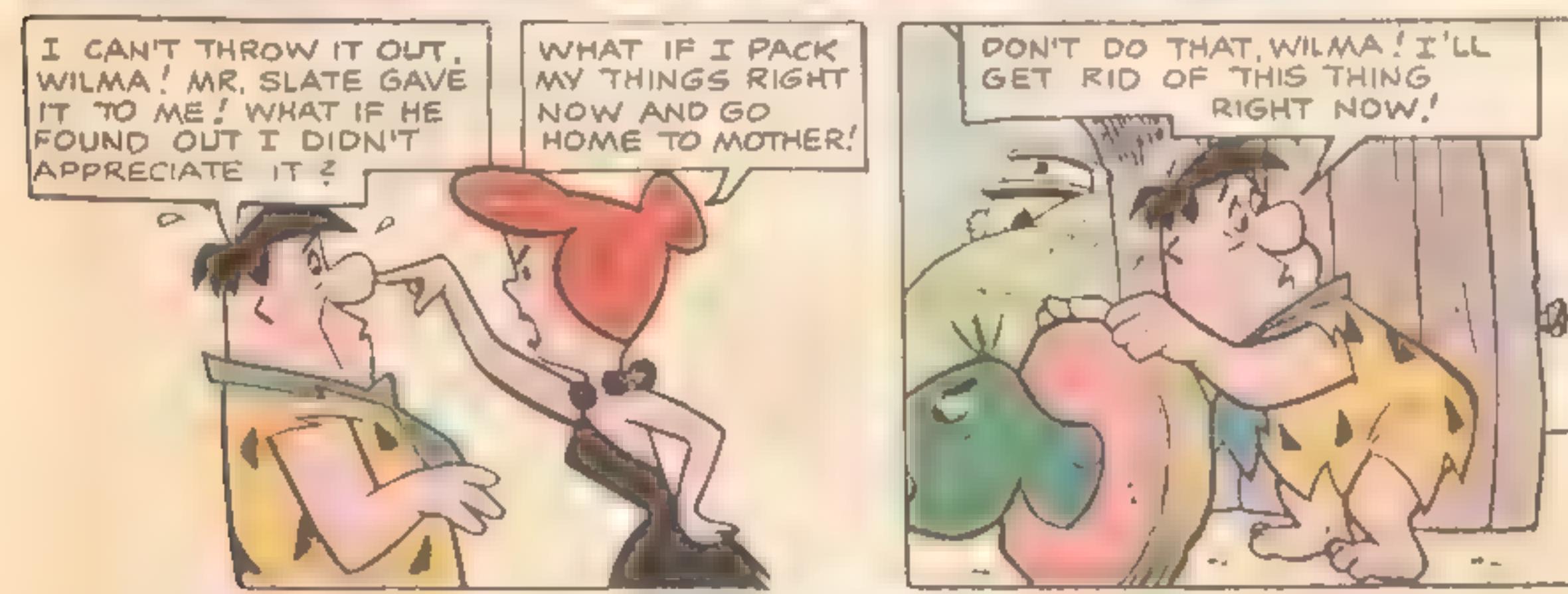
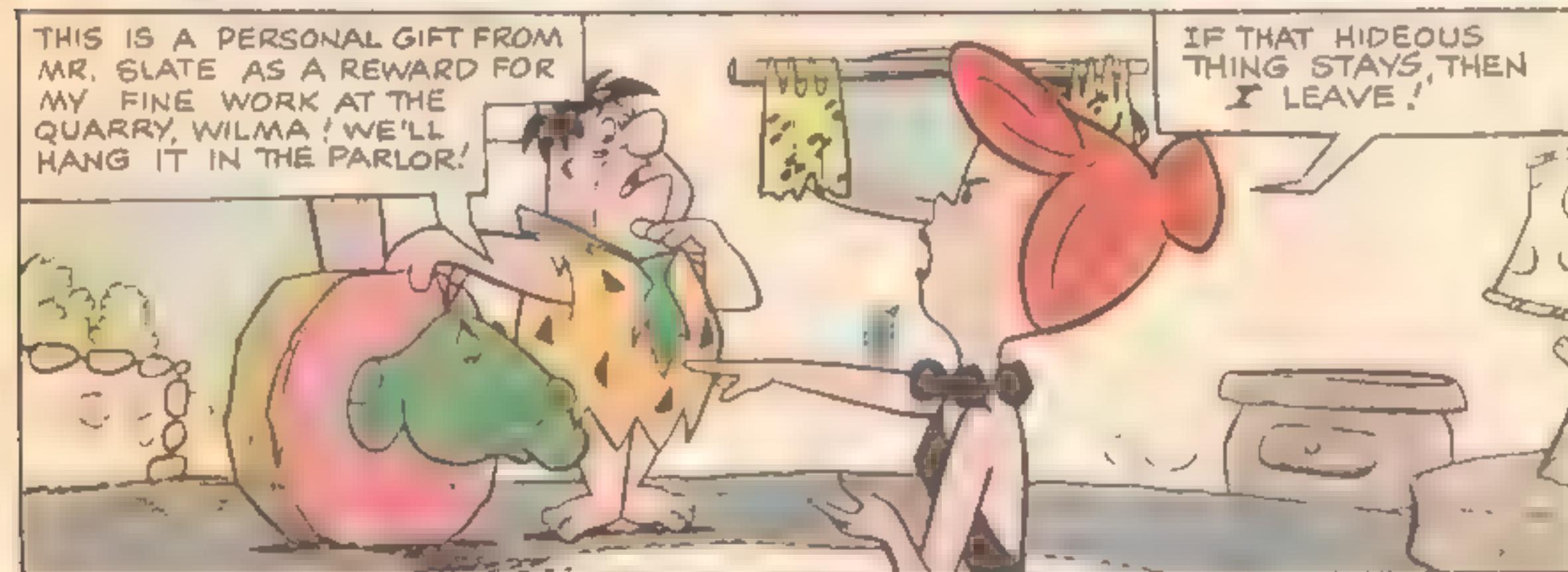
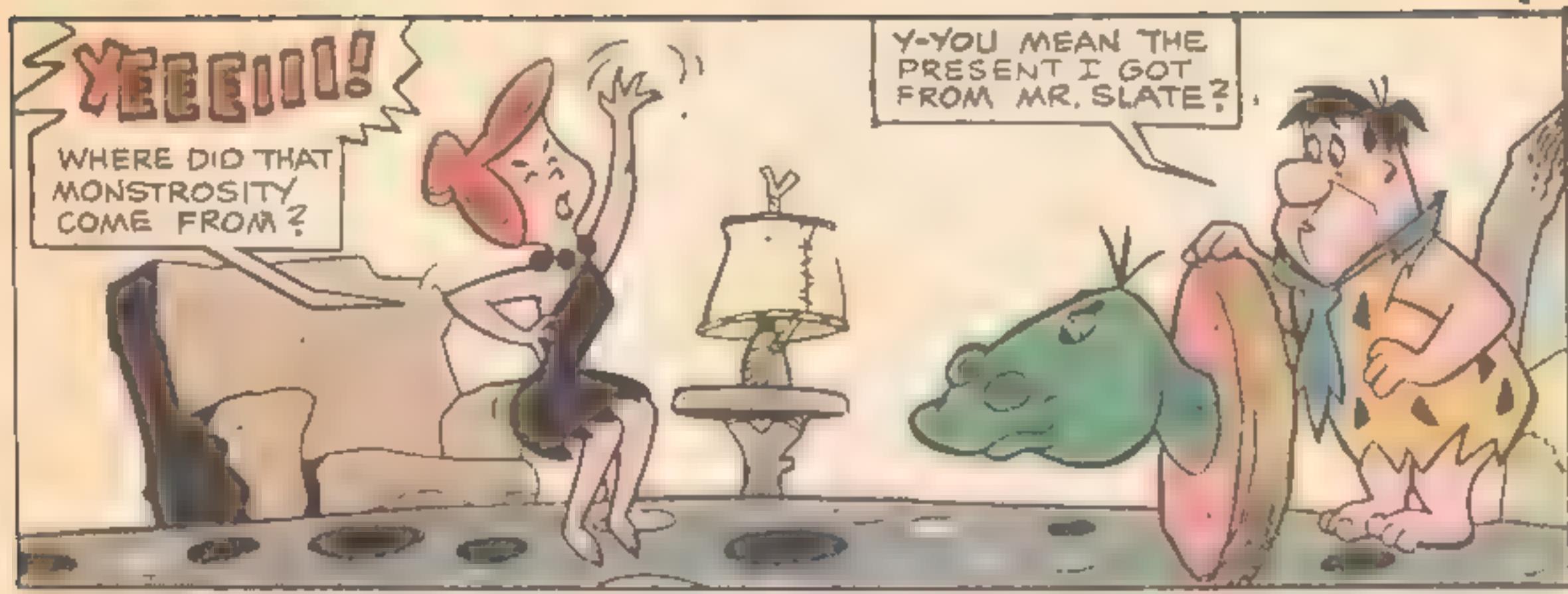
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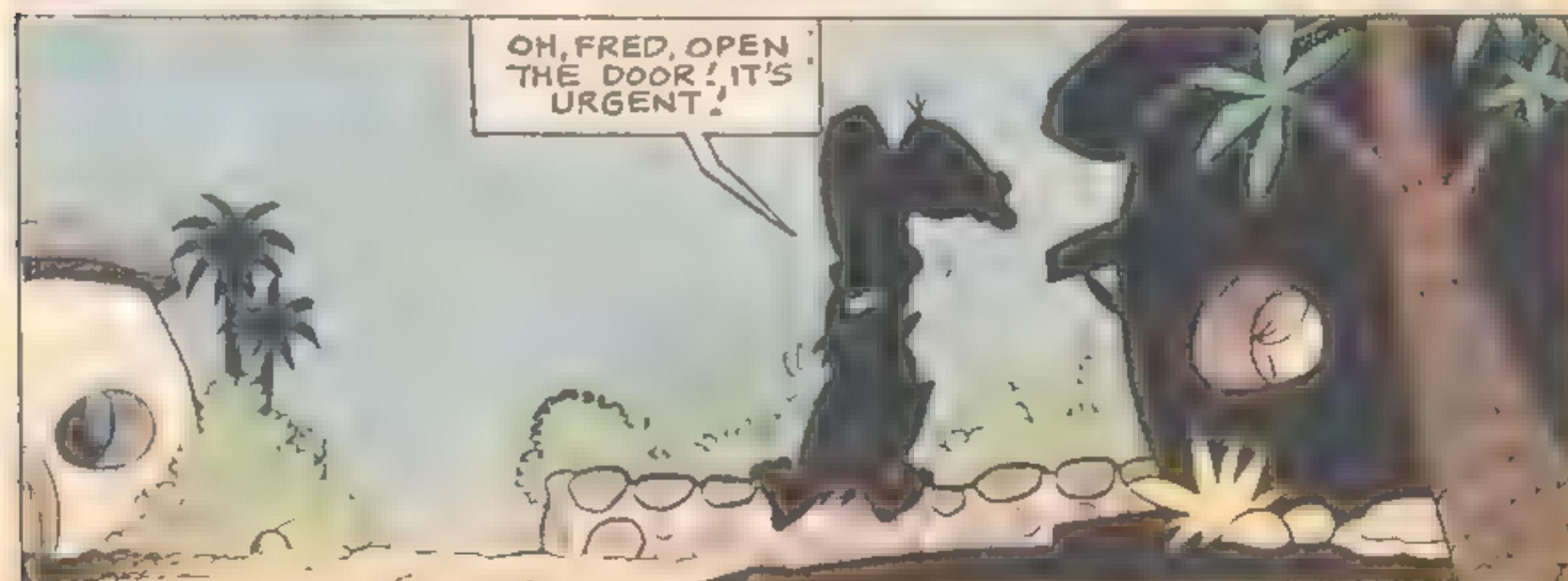
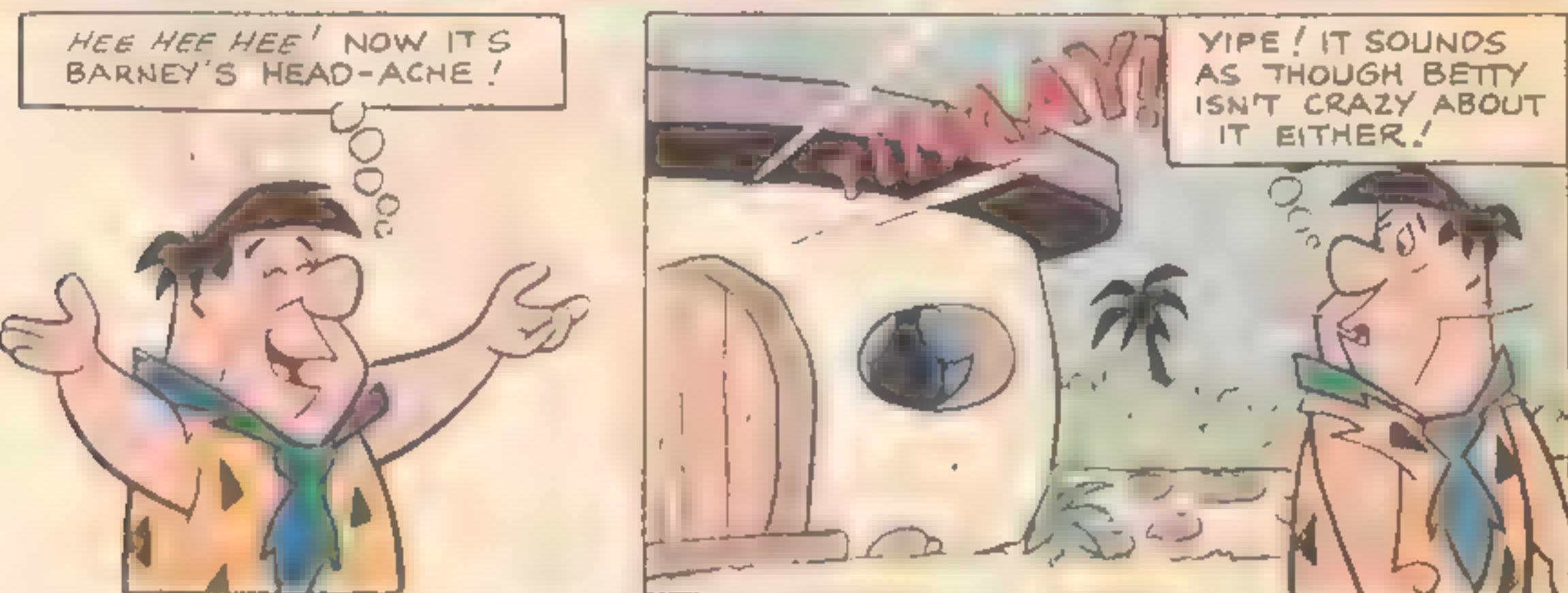




NOON HOUR AND...







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HERE'S YOUR VALUABLE PRIZE, FRED! BETTY DOESN'T LIKE IT EITHER!

DID SHE THREATEN TO LEAVE HOME TOO?

WORSE! SHE THREW ME OUT INSTEAD! SHE'S REALLY MAD!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, BARNEY?



WHY DON'T WE JUST BRING IT BACK TO MR. SLATE?

THAT'S IT, SHORTY! THEN, WILMA AND BETTY WON'T BE MAD AT JS!



NEXT MORNING!

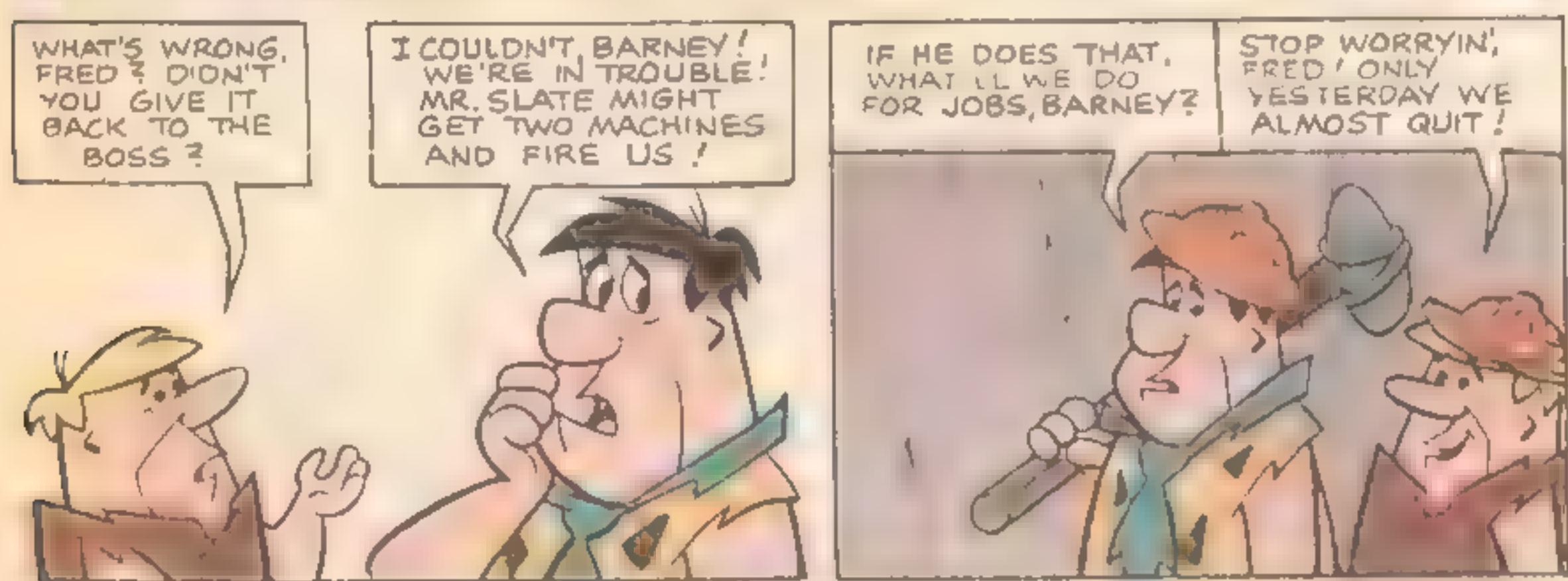
THIS ISN'T A GIFT, IT'S A CURSE HE PUT ON ME! I'M GIVING IT RIGHT BACK!

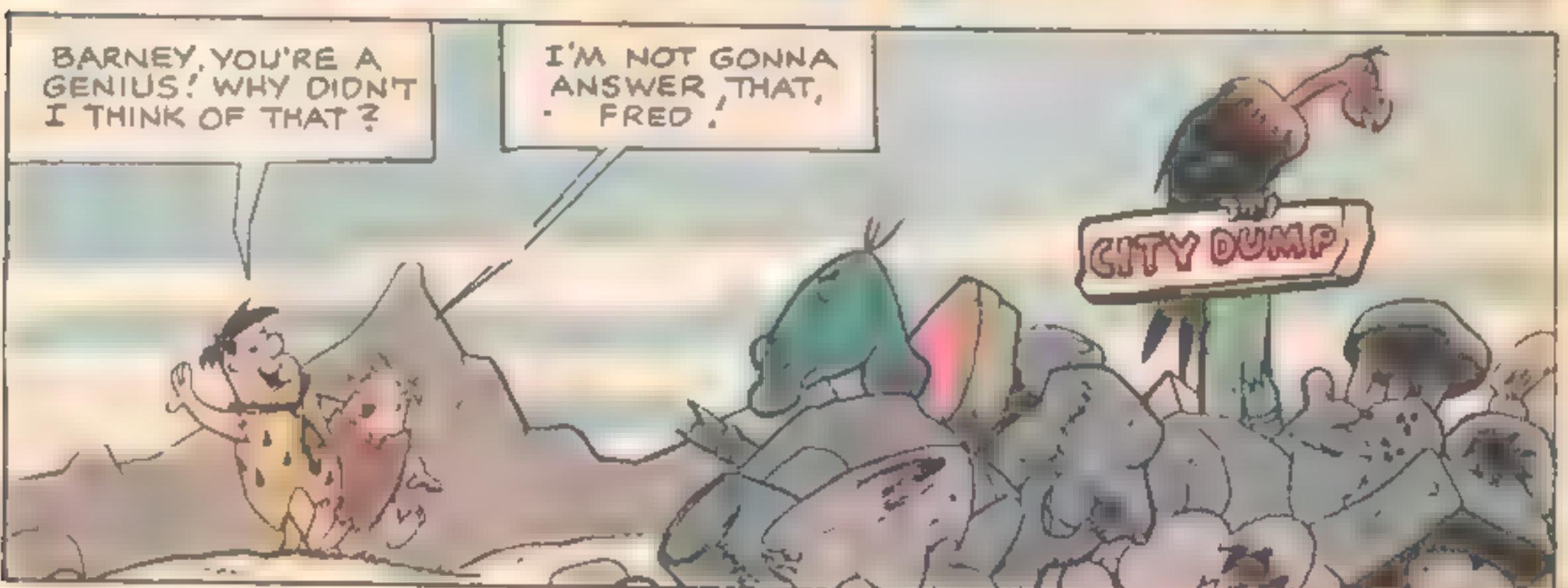
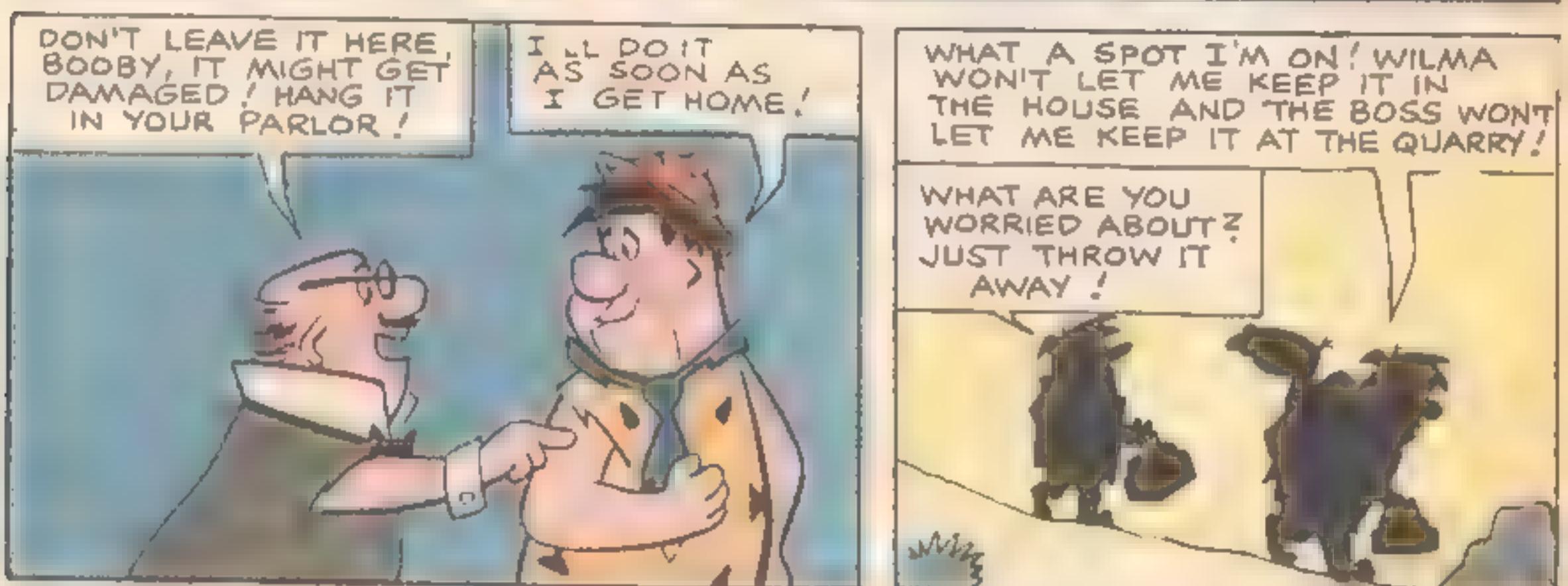
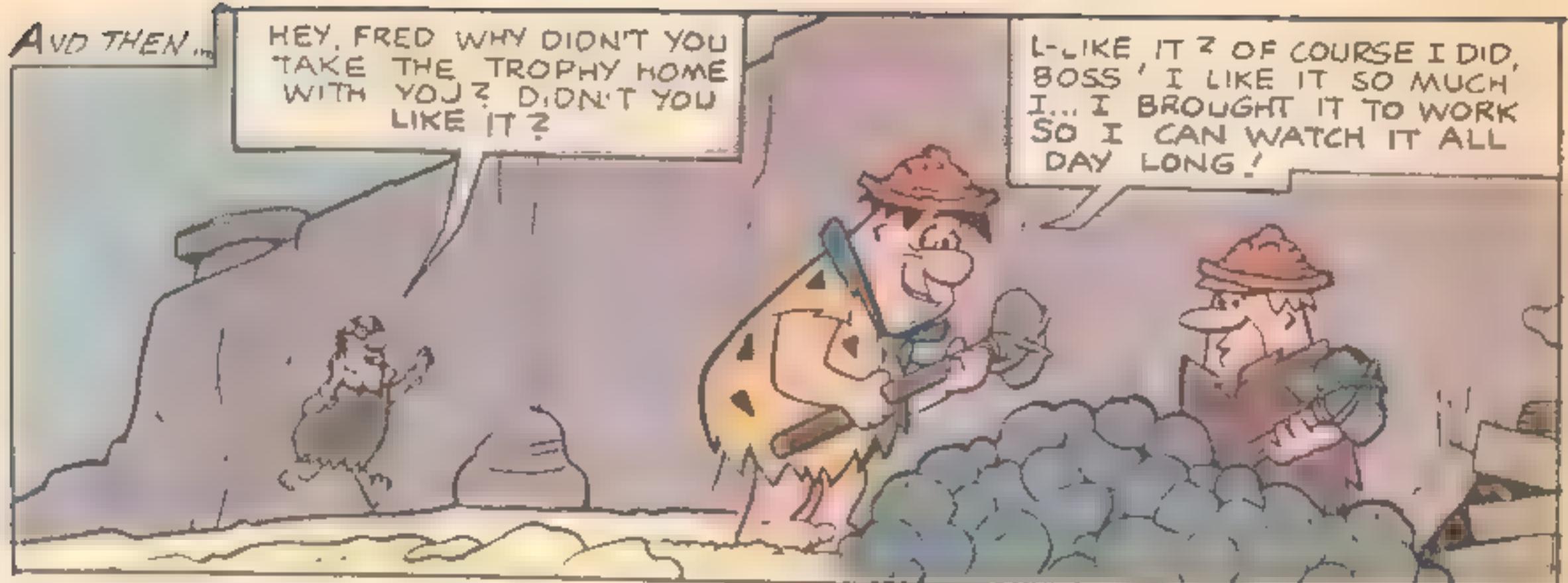


OF COURSE I INTEND TO GET THOSE AUTOMATIC MACHINES. I'VE GOT TWO LAZY BUMS ON MY PAYROLL I WANT TO GET RID OF!

JUMPIN' HOPPYTOADS, HE MEANS ME AN' BARNEY!







WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT HERE, BOSS?

UH... I TOLD MY WIFE I GAVE YOU MY FIRST HUNTING TROPHY AND SHE GOT AWFULLY ANGRY! SHE WANTS IT BACK TO HANG IN OUR PARLOR!

IF YOU'LL BE GENEROUS ENOUGH TO RETURN THE TROPHY, FRED, I'LL BE VERY GRATEFUL!

B-BUT, CHIEF, I DON'T HAVE IT!

IF YOU THREW MY TROPHY AWAY, I'LL FIRE YOU! I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU, I'LL...

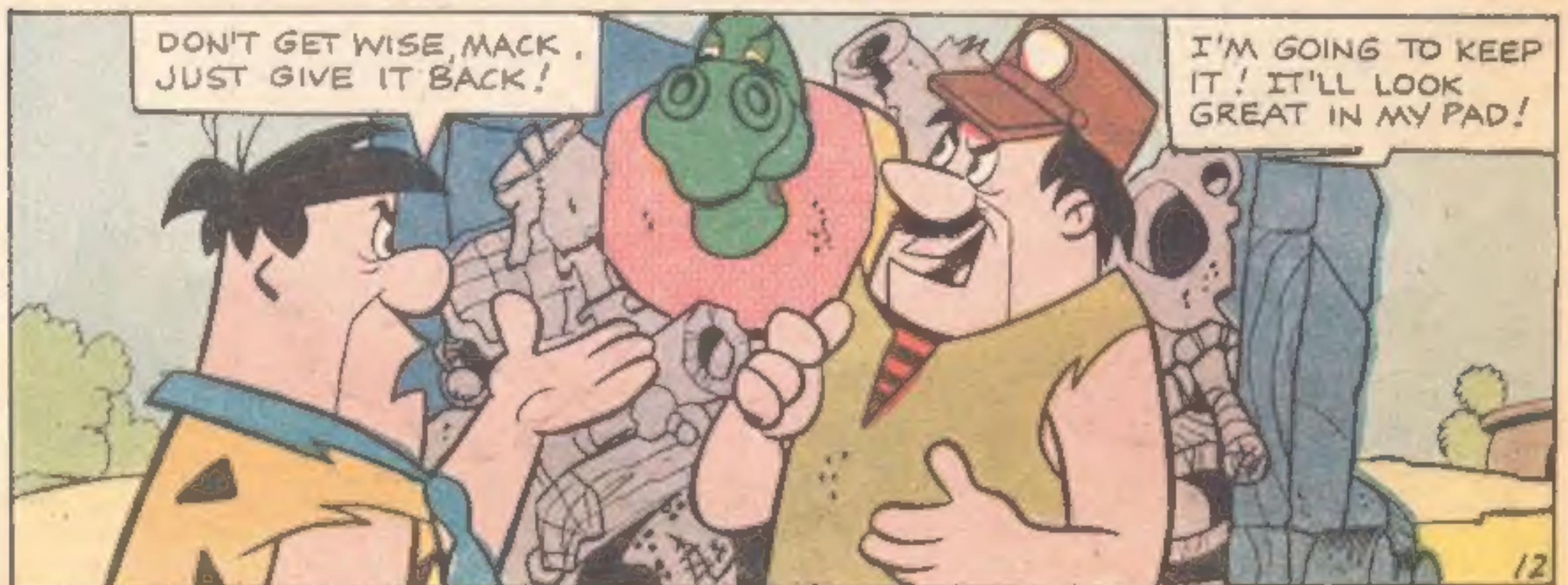
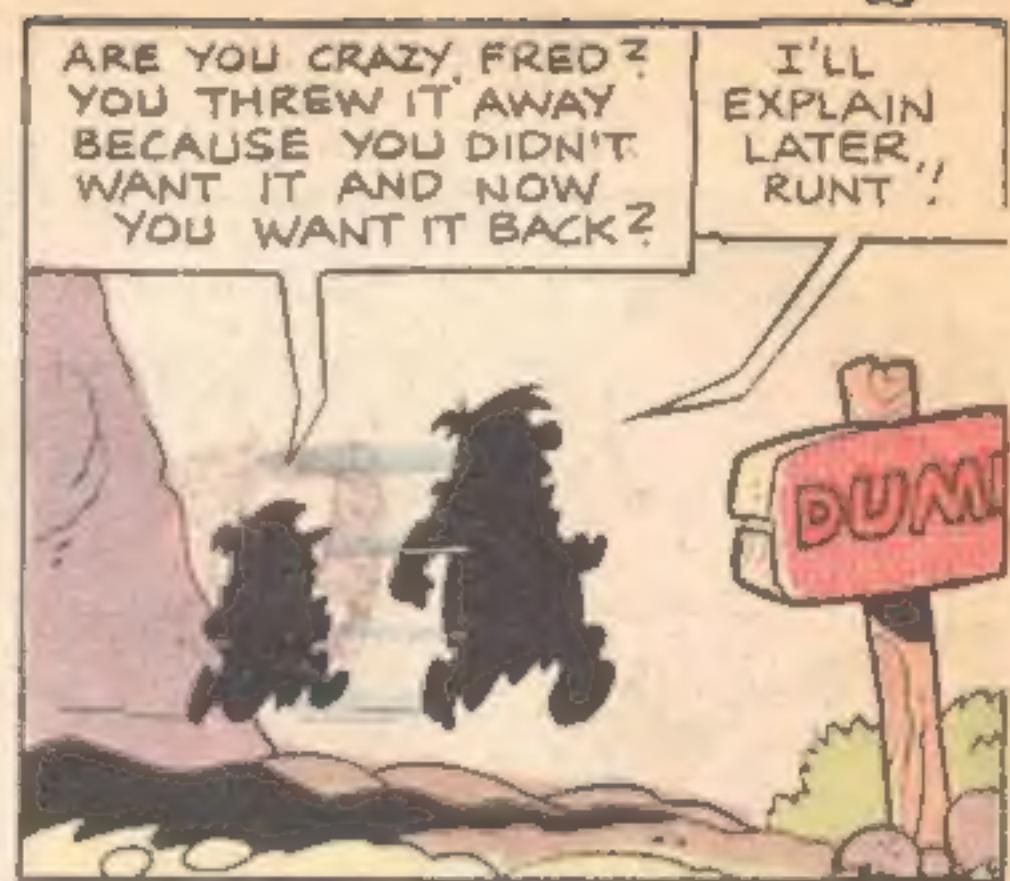
UUGGHHH! LET ME BREATHE, BOSS!

CALM DOWN, I'LL GET YOUR TROPHY BACK! YOU GO HOME AND I'LL BRING IT TO YOU!

YOU'D BETTER, FLINTSTONE! IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL REGRET IT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED? WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

COME ON, BARNEY, I NEED HELP!



OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS FOR IT! TAKE IT OFF THE TRUCK!

NOTHING DOING! I'M GOING TO KEEP IT!



IT'S HIGHWAY ROBBERY BUT I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY FOR IT! IS IT A DEAL?

IT'S A DEAL! I WAS GONNA BURY IT IN THE YARD ANYHOW!



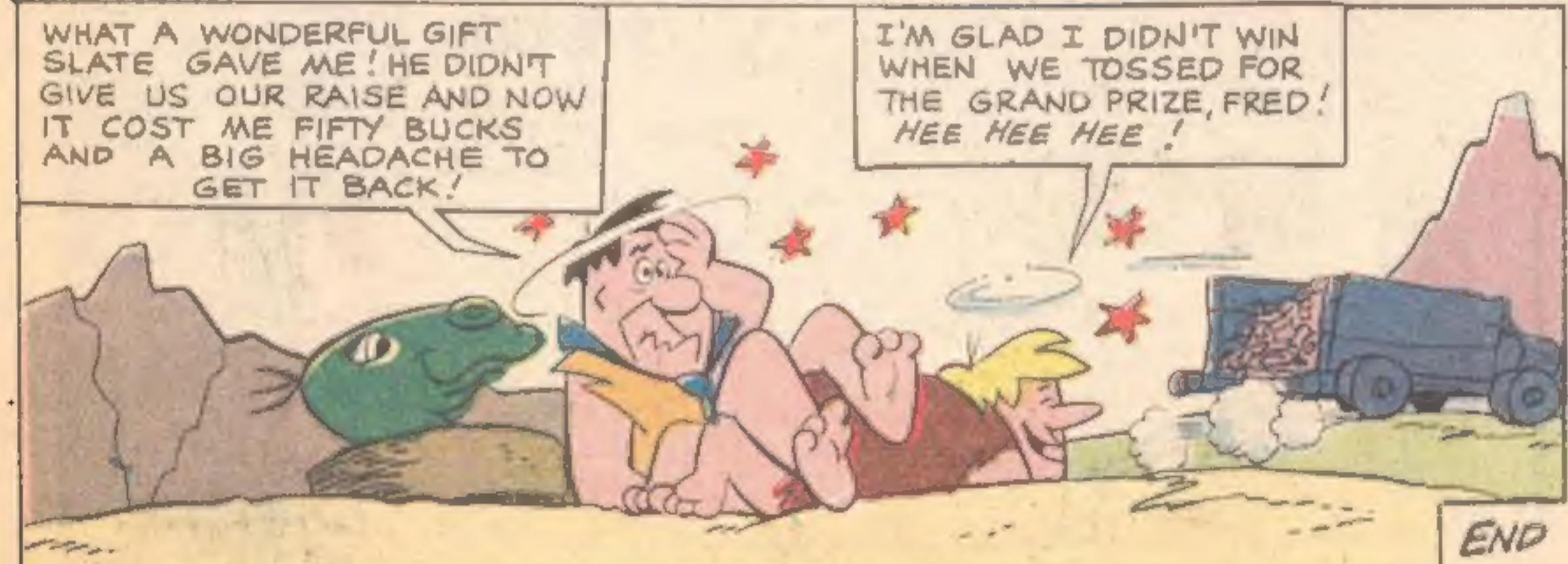
WOW! WOTTA CHUMP THAT GUY IS!

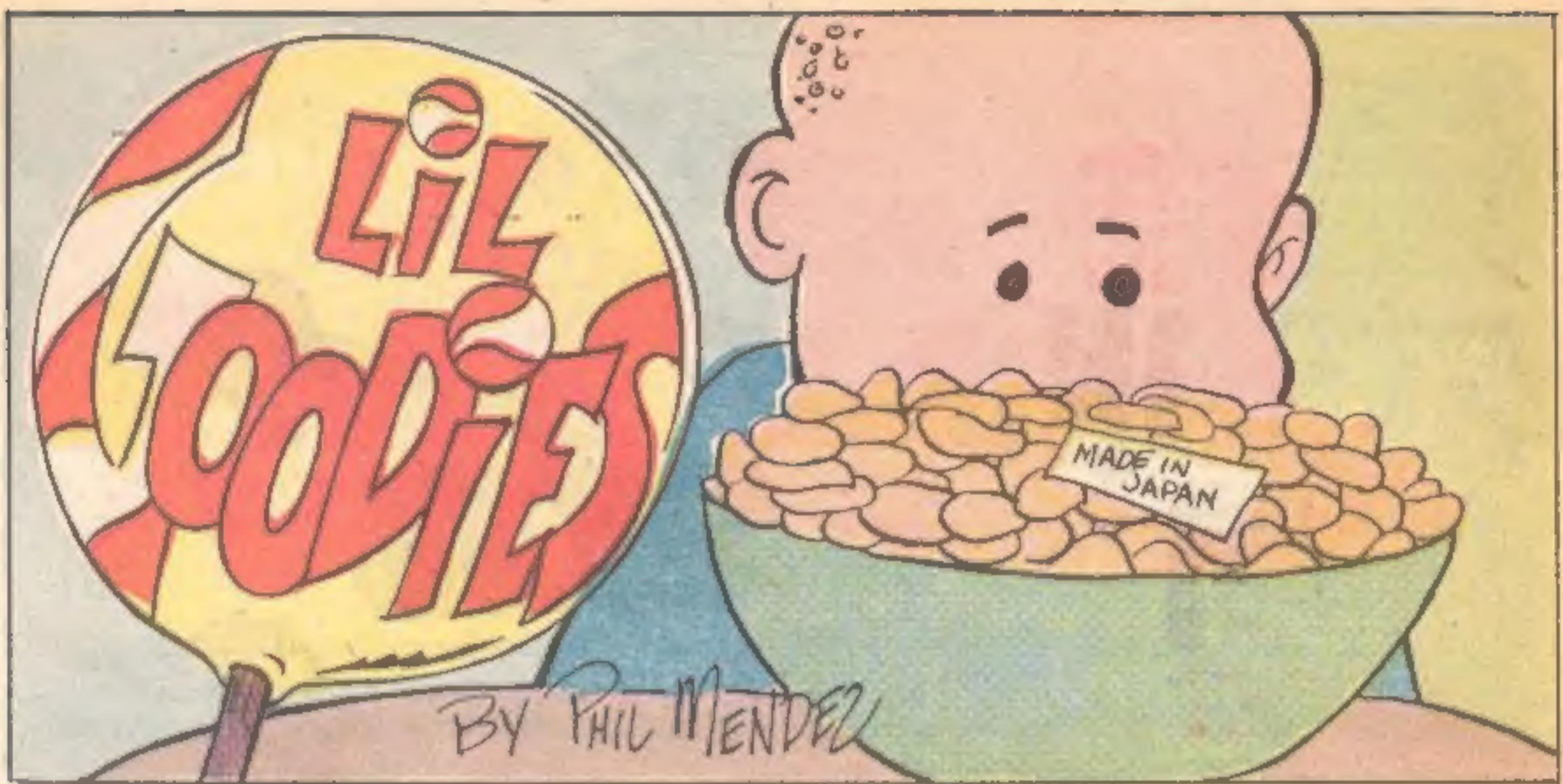
HERE'S THE VALUABLE TROPHY! HEE HEE HEE!



WHAT A WONDERFUL GIFT SLATE GAVE ME! HE DIDN'T GIVE US OUR RAISE AND NOW IT COST ME FIFTY BUCKS AND A BIG HEADACHE TO GET IT BACK!

I'M GLAD I DIDN'T WIN WHEN WE TOSSSED FOR THE GRAND PRIZE, FRED! HEE HEE HEE!





WHEN I
POUR MILK
ON MY
CEREAL IT
TALKS!

OH
REALLY!



WHY DID THE
MAN THROW
THE CLOCK OUT
THE WINDOW?
...TO SEE IF TIME
COULD FLY!

LISTEN!



WHY DID IT
TELL THAT
BAD JOKE?



WHAT DO YOU
WANT FROM
CORN FLAKES
HUH?

